



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

THIS seems to be a year of great battles; military, naval, electoral. Great battles, of course, must result in great defeats, as well as great victories, and often, though not always, in great changes. The rewards do not come to the victor alone, but the changes are often a benefit to the vanquished. The sweeping Republican victory in the United States leaving nothing to the Democrats but the solid South, is not greater proportionately than the Liberal sweep of Canada or that of the Bond Government in Newfoundland or that of Premier Parent in Quebec where the organized Opposition has gone out of business. We may safely reckon that these great noiseful, irresistible waves of public acquiescence in the domination of political parties whose recent periods of power have run concurrently with periods of prosperity, must soon break. There has never been a time in history when stern rocks or sullen shores have not been ready to stay the progress and beat back in powerlessness, defeated ebb the strongest tide that ever broke a nation or a party to victory. The ebb and flow of the tide is but a matter of hours; in the history of parties the ebb follows the flow less frequently but quite as surely. With nations, fortunately, the periods of rise and fall are further apart and sometimes indistinctly marked. Prosperity is no more assured in the United States with Roosevelt as President than it would have been had Parker succeeded him, but the people were wisely content to leave well enough alone. Canada would possibly have been as prosperous under Borden's premiership as it will be under Laurier's, but the people of the Dominion have been enjoying an unusual amount of prosperity and could not be persuaded of the wisdom of a change. It seems almost absurd to the ordinary observer that such a desperate attempt was made to bring a change about, or that anyone should show such bad temper or use such violent language as the *Mail and Empire* has done in reproaching the electors for their contentment with present conditions. As to the wisdom of free and prosperous peoples being content, there can be no argument; whether or not we in Canada are forging corporation chains for our own embarrassment and the enslavement of posterity, is a different question, but it is not one which the people will be induced to discuss seriously until they find the iron of their shackles rubbing into their flesh. There is a growing feeling, a sort of rudimentary socialism, pervading all classes alike, that when an evil comes to its worst the people will take it in hand and pulverize the offenders. We may deny this undefined but anarchic impulse, but if we examine ourselves we will find it in our mental excuses for delaying fierce and decisive combats with the recognized evils inflicted upon us by others. As a Cause is greater than the Effect, so the People must always remain greater than the Law, and those who do not observe the tendency on this continent of the people to disregard law and to put in effect resolutions made on the impulse of the moment and executed only by the occasion, cannot be watchful of public affairs—in Colorado, for instance. Probably it is well that we are not always trying to cross bridges before we come to them; if we saluted the devil whenever we thought him coming towards us, though afar off, we would always be in an abasement of dread. Individually, as political partisans and as a nation we certainly should not cultivate a spirit of discontent or morbid longing for upheavals that changes may be brought about.

ANOTHER wave which is distinctly noticeable is that setting in the direction of the holding of conventions. The National Labor Organization of the United States is clamoring for a convention; and it seems to me badly needed, for the handling of the Labor movement has drifted into the hands of a few leaders, indeed, it has never been free from a certain amount of dictatorship. The Conservatives of our Canadian West are talking of having a Convention, and oddly enough it is said that a lower tariff will be favored by Manitoba, while autonomy will be the chief demand of the North-West Territories—both planks being timber temporarily abandoned by dominant Liberalism. It is to be hoped that this convention will be held and that its deliberations may include the putting forward of Premier Haultain of the Territories as leader of the Conservative party of Canada. His achievements in the North-West have been overlooked. By long odds he is the best politician and administrator in the Conservative party, having no rival in any other province nor in federal affairs. His long-continued success in the holding together of a politically nondescript assembly and in dominating Territorial concerns and obtaining a measure of recognition of the wants of the vast district which has so long been under his supervision, indicates a capacity for handling national affairs. While a Conservative he has worked with Liberal colleagues, and has not been afraid to lock horns with Tory administrations at Ottawa. Those who allege that he made a mistake in forcing the issue of autonomy to the front in the recent federal campaign do not understand the situation. With the greatest possible difficulty he has at various times forced federal governments to listen to the wants of the Territories. The Riel rebellion was the result of Tory torpor at Ottawa, and recently the Grits have been showing signs of being equally as hard to wake up to the newer necessities of this great region, apart from the G.T.P. scheme. While the ears of the people of the East were open he seized the rare opportunity of making known the situation in the Territories, and if, as the *Globe* appears to threaten, an attempt is to be made to snub him for his impertinence, there will be a new Western row in full swing that will be harder to settle than any Manitoba question ever was. Haultain is thoroughly in line with the Conservative traditions of Canada; he is the only man of prominence who has not been the tool of any government nor crawled before the Hierarchy. Western Tories by all means should have a convention, and let the whole country know what they want.

Here in Ontario Premier Ross in desperation is about to call a Liberal convention. It is to be feared he has waited until political conditions are hopeless, and the Liberals of Ontario may think it a small compliment to be invited to a political pow-wow which in many respects will resemble a wake. Nevertheless, Mr. Ross is showing his wisdom in apparently shifting the responsibility of selecting a new policy and new Cabinet to the Liberals at large. I remember the last Liberal Convention held over twenty years ago in the heyday of Grit prosperity in this province, and how little the voice of the people was heard, everything having been carefully fixed beforehand so that nothing but canned fruit was picked from the tree of knowledge. Under present circumstances things will be different, and there may be some plain speaking, which will do the party no harm. It is possible that a radical programme will be favored by a party that was once very radical. From a Grit standpoint any means of injecting cayenne pepper into the sleepy imagination of Liberalism will have the effect of making things lively at least. The best section of the Liberal party has been overworked, the worst section of it has been overfed; those who have been overworked have been toiling for principle and should be put in sight of some reward—those who have been overfed have been toiling for emolument, and it would be good politics to show them that the emolument business for them is just about busted. Some larger question will have to be discussed than how to maintain the party in power. Possibly somebody from the back townships can suggest a reason why it should be kept in power; people hereabouts are taking very little interest in the provincial crisis except to see it over. Pending the convention a certain amount of interest may be kept alive if the Cabinet Ministers continue to present each other with cabinets of silver, and raise a sufficient sum to provide the Administration with a tombstone, which should be neat but not gaudy nor obtrusive.

The Ontario Conservatives might do worse than have a convention, and as it would appear from the election returns that nearly all the Conservatives in Canada reside in this province, and Leader Borden is likely to come here for a seat

if he accepts one, the gathering might be made a national affair. There is certainly plenty to discuss. If the affair is placed in the hands of Dr. Beattie Nesbitt the delegates will be sure of a good time, and if it is not placed in his hands the leaders of the party may be pretty nearly sure that it will be before it is over. It is said that he does not represent the highest ideals of the Conservative party, but it must be admitted that he represents the methods which win elections, and the bosses might do well to leave it at that.

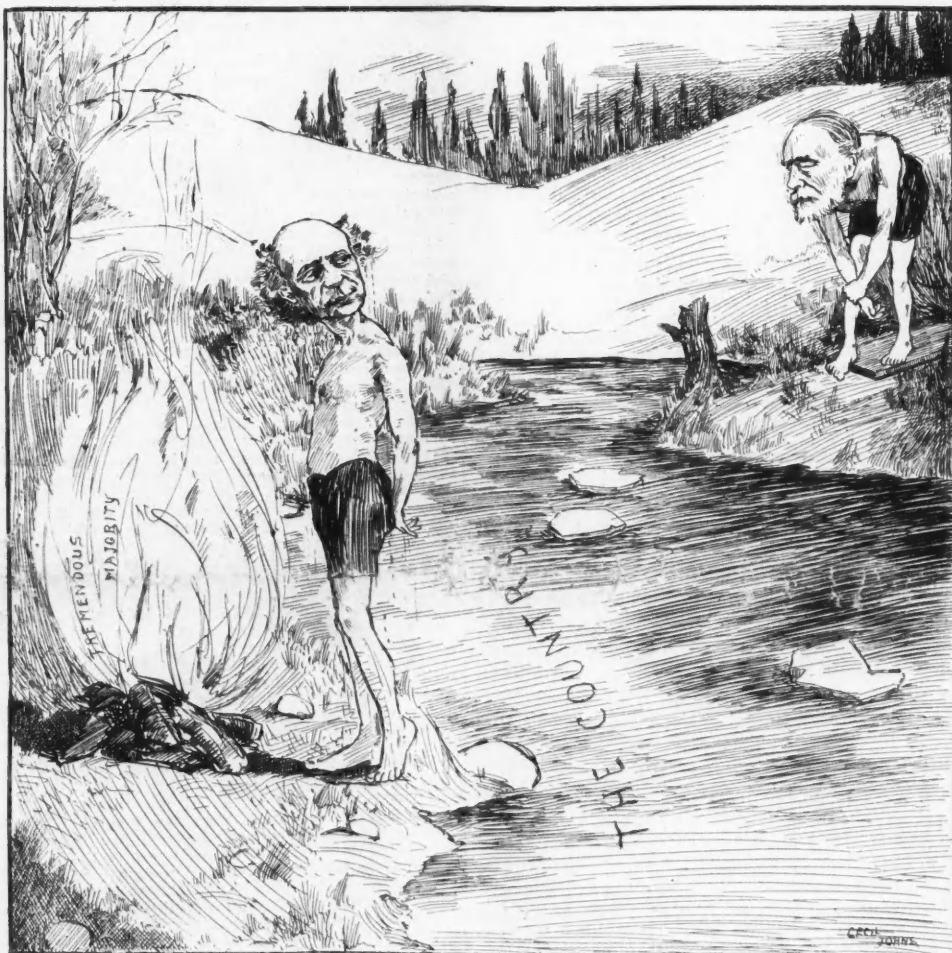
At this crisis why shouldn't the prohibitionists have a great big convention, raise a great big campaign fund and impress themselves on the politicians? The licensed victuallers deny that they have raised a fund, and no one can dispute the wisdom of their denial whether it represents the facts or not, for there are lots of needy adventurers waiting to tap their bar! The hierarchy held a convention at Three Rivers. Why shouldn't the Protestants have something similar at which a united policy and educational and religious matters could be discussed, particularly as the Bishops assert that those subjects were entirely omitted from the consideration of their convocation, and consequently need attention?

While the convention wave is on let every section and sub-section of the community convene, consult, and pass resolutions. It is time we all knew where we are at and what we are after, and there is nothing like a convention to prove how utterly impossible it is for the people present to agree, while it is so ridiculously easy to decide that everybody else is wrong.

THOSE who look upon the retirement of the Conservative party from the provincial contest in Quebec as a mistake, are probably less conversant with Quebec politics than those who have decided it to be the wisest course. In the few constituencies where the Conservatives were vic-

sized hog. This sort of thing should prove our humility and be conclusive evidence that the people of this city delight in being shown their faults and told that they wouldn't be a bargain as a gift. It only indicates that the citizens of this place are fond of ancient and honorable names and are willing to stand any sort of guff if it is labelled Religion, Temperance, Conservative, or given any eminently respectable title fashionable in select "sukksels." About thirteen years ago Mr. E. B. Osler was the same able and reputable man that he is to-day with the recently added record of 2,000 majority in West Toronto, but he was beaten for mayor by a candidate whose chief record was then that of a temperance man and busted real estate speculator, who as a boy ran barefooted, and "the mud of East Toronto squirted through his toes." I am not saying this to belittle Mr. Fleming, for he was author of the barefooted part of the story, and proud of it, and has since demonstrated himself to be a man of exceptional shrewdness. Toronto at that time needed Mr. Osler for mayor as it has never needed him as a parliamentary representative, but he was refused then because he was alleged to be the nominee of the Board of Trade, a C. P. R. director, and an aristocrat.

As a matter of fact, Toronto had an excellent array of candidates on the Conservative side, and while the Liberal candidates were bright and aggressive they lacked the personal weight necessary to come up against the ponderous forces of the Conservatives. Mr. Robinette and his excellent organization made an exceedingly good showing in Center Toronto, which this time took in over thirty of the polling subdivisions of the west riding which Mr. Clarke had represented, and gave the latter gentleman a pretty hard run considering his popularity and the fact that he has been the best representative of Toronto's interests that the House of Commons has seen for many years, and has



"ONLY ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS."

Sir Wilfrid—Come awa', Geordie.

Hon. G. W.—Mon, the feer luiks guid, but the douch is awfy caud.

torious in last week's contest the election of their candidates was largely the result of local dissensions amongst the Liberals. Doubtless if the Liberals are left to themselves with no organized Opposition, a number of Independents and an occasional Tory will be elected, and party discipline will relax, become impossible, and the disintegration of the dominant faction will begin and progress with such rapidity that there will be faction fights in almost every riding by the time another appeal to the country is made. It is altogether likely that enough alert Conservatives will hover in the neighborhood of the Legislature to foment disputes in the Government party and to be the nucleus of reorganization. Almost invariably when a political party grows so strong that opposition is almost futile, it grows reckless and the heads of it become arbitrary, self-seeking and unpopular. As an evil of this sort is bound to cure itself if left alone, an absolutely puny and ineffectual Opposition only serves to keep the dominant party together by giving the majority someone to fight instead of fighting amongst themselves for appointments and appropriations. Disappearing for a period as an aggressive factor only means the adoption of the tactics of the hierarchy, who are the tutors of the politicians of Quebec in statecraft. It seems to me that the Conservatives are very shrewdly getting out of the road to give the Liberals a chance to tumble into their own ditch. Premier Parent is honest as well as popular, and I feel rather sorry to see him caught digging the pitfall of an election surprise and being likely enough shoved into the hole by his own bunch in an unrestrained and riotous race for the "trough."

TORONTO'S self-complacency is being wadded full of warm wind by cable despatches quoting the comments of British newspapers to the effect that this city is too haughty, high-principled and rich to be bribed by the promise of public works made during an election campaign. Those British editor-chaps are learning how to stroke the fur on this town's back so as to make it purr like a comfortable old pussy blinking at her kittens! Toronto likes to put other cities to the blush by her reputation for high principle and goodness, and has really an appetite for taffy remarkable in a city of its age. The people hereabouts also like to be thought haughty and rich beyond the dreams of avarice or possibility of corruption, but we can hardly afford to purr too loud lest somebody hears these evidences of our self-complacency, who has a better knowledge of the mainspring of our civic life than is possessed by these far-away critics who "speak so highly of this Mr. Riley." If these critics had been in Massey Hall last Sunday they would have seen five thousand people applaud a talented religio-temperance harlequin from the United States who told them that they weren't worth twenty cents apiece, and that it took sixty of them to equal in value an ordinary-

most enviable record as Mayor. Mr. Urquhart, who also made an exceedingly good Mayor, and is personally above reproach, could have done Toronto incalculable good had he been sent as nothing more than a clerk from this city to look after its local interests in the House of Commons, but he was beaten by an equally small man rejected by another province and other constituencies, and by no means in good odor with his own party, simply because Foster was a fluent talker and an ex-Cabinet Minister, but mostly, if not altogether, because he was a Tory.

The parading of probable public works by Government candidates in this city was puerile, cheap and nasty, and such things should be resented by every constituency and mark for defeat a government which thus dangles carrots before the nose of the electoral jassack. In some constituencies this sort of thing is claimed by the Conservatives to have influenced the election; probably it did. Human nature is no different in Toronto from that found in Hamilton or elsewhere, and if a large enough local bribe were offered no one doubts that it would affect the result in this city. Past favors are already ours. What was promised was likely to come anyhow, and there is no excuse for indulging in any pharisaical cant. Probably what was offered did influence the vote, but to an inappreciable extent. The fact remains unchanged that Toronto is solidly a Tory city, is proud of it and can't explain it, and doesn't try. Sometimes it is a little more Tory than at others, but when politics is stirred up everything else is forgotten in a political campaign. Fortunately it is not so in municipal elections, but even then it seems almost impossible to elect a Liberal except in a three-cornered fight.

TALKING about parliamentary candidates and municipal campaigns, I have received a note-circular signed by a former M.P. for East Toronto. I presume it is in the hands of thousands of others, and by no means flatter myself that I am one of "a few influential gentlemen" who have been asked "the advantage of their support." The circular, which I am giving the most prominent place at my disposal, free of charge, is as follows:

Dear Sir,—I have decided to enter the mayoralty contest for 1905, and am writing to a few influential gentlemen asking the advantage of their support. For many years I have been in close touch with municipal business through my late father, who as you know was for thirty years City Commissioner, and I have also spent a term in the City Council as Alderman. I believe, therefore, that I can give the city effective and faithful service as Mayor.

I trust that you will be kind enough to give me such aid as lies in your power towards securing the position

An opportunity will be afforded later on to make a full public statement regarding what I conceive to be the duties and responsibilities devolving upon the Mayor of this great and growing city and the policy he ought to pursue in connection with our important franchises, works and business.

Yours respectfully, E. Coatsworth.

Mr. Coatsworth is making a mistake in his efforts "towards securing the position." The mayoralty of this city is not a position to be given to a candidate simply because he wants it or needs it, or because civic positions run in his family—this sort of thing has been done too often in Toronto. The Mayor of "this great and growing city" should be able, strong and aggressive. Mr. Coatsworth is doubtless an amiable man, the son of a valued city official who, as Mr. Coatsworth says, "was for thirty years City Commissioner," but the late Mr. Coatsworth's son, Emerson, as M.P. for East Toronto was given an ample opportunity to distinguish himself, which resulted in him extinguishing himself as a public man. He demonstrated that he was neither able, original, strong, self-sacrificing nor aggressive, and he evidently adorns private life better than he would the Mayor's chair.

ACCORDING to a New York *Herald* cable from England, Honorable Richard Strutt, son of Lord Rayleigh, has made a radium clock which will go for two thousand years without winding up. There is comfort as well as disappointment in the announcement that such a clock will cost at least two hundred pounds—disappointment on the part of the ordinary owner of a household timepiece that it is beyond his reach, and comfort to the young chaps that occasionally at least there will be a radium clock in the parlor concerning which her weary father or mother, anxious for his departure, will not make the traditional "Did you wind the clock?" inquiry. The memories of middle age, I fear, will become barren of the timely hints which thirty years ago made me look for my hat and coat, if the radium clock becomes common. When I saw the heading over the item quoted "Did you Wind the Clock?" I was reminded of a farmhouse to which I used to wend my way as a youthful country schoolteacher desirous of human sympathy of a feminine sort during long winter evenings. In the corner of the sitting-room stood an old-fashioned clock with weights, and opening off this room was a chamber in which the dear girl's mother and father used to sleep—the door propped slightly open by a piece of rock. When the clock rang half-past ten, as it did in a prolonged and dolorous fashion, "Maw" used to appear at the bedroom door, a shawl around her shoulders, lower-earbed in a heavy and unsightly skirt and huge pair of carpet slippers, inquiring without any affectation of sleepiness, "Em'ly, did you wind the clock?" As "Em'ly" had numerous confidants to me the fact that she never was permitted to "wind that clock," the intimation that my presence was no longer desirable was obvious; I never could reason out in any logical way why it was obvious, but it was. Upon "Em'ly" confessing that she had not wound the clock, "Maw" used to proceed, with ponderous steps—presumably impressive and not calculated to throw the carpet slippers up against the china—to the clock, which she wound with a crank but a trifle smaller than the one on the windlass at the well. During the creaking of the cords lifting the weights and the sham click of the ratchet and the crank, I was wont to eliminate myself from further proximity to "Em'ly." As a memory it is more delightful than it was as an experience, yet somehow it does not appear as odd as it should that I remember the clock so much better than the girl, while the girl doubtless is preserving the clock as an heirloom and has forgotten me altogether.

Modern changes from the stage-coach to the lightning express, from the sailing ship to the ocean greyhound, from the occasional and welcome letter to the bulky and tiresome correspondence, from the much cherished weekly newspaper to an armful of dailies, from long conversations to a few hurried words over the telephone, from the long-waited-for return of the traveller to the wire or the cable message of arrival, from the dulcimer to the piano, from the quiet lane to the crowded street—a long story in a short chapter! Is it a wonder that we forget? In the present and the future, with nothing producing a thrill or even marking an event less tremendous than something involving the loss of a fortune or a life, will it not be strange if there is anything which will impress anybody sufficiently to be remembered thirty years after?

IN conveying his approval of a recent article on this page with regard to offensive editorials in United States papers, an official of one of the largest financial institutions in Canada says in his letter, "I am glad to see you are still keeping at the newspapers which publish vicious or fake advertisements." It may possibly interest you to read a copy which I am enclosing herewith of a letter I wrote the editor of the *Globe* on this subject some time ago. I am personally aware that there are a great many who feel as you and I do with regard to this, and it occurred to me that it might encourage you to know that such is the case. We hope you will keep at it until you succeed in bringing about some reform along these lines." The manuscript he enclosed me follows in full:

"One of the topics for discussion at the late meeting of the Ontario Educational Association was the use that might effectively be made of 'current events' as subjects of discussion. This suggests the establishment of a reading room equipped with a few good newspapers, or there would be no current events to discuss. Such a department of school work is quite feasible, and it would certainly be very educative in the hands of an enthusiastic and well-informed teacher."

Globe, April, 1903.

Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Managing Editor, *The Globe*.

Dear Sir,—The foregoing paragraph which I clipped from a recent issue of *The Globe* has been very much on my mind since I read it, not so much on account of any personal interest in the suggestion made therein as for other thoughts it set in motion.

I should not like to be given the task of selecting the "few good newspapers" with which the proposed reading room is to be equipped. I suppose the writer of the paragraph would expect *The Globe* to be one of them, and until a comparatively recent date I believe the unanimous verdict of the reading public would have been given in favor of that action. For some time back, however, one of my difficulties as a father of sons and daughters has been that I am unable to place in their hands a paper like *The Globe*, conducted from its news and editorial side with such ability and on such an elevated plane, without there being thrust before them such vicious advertisements as have of late become more and more prominent in its columns.

I enclose a number which have appeared during the past week, some of them on the day on which the paragraph I have clipped was inserted. I do not think you would select such matter, nor the fake announcement generally found in the supplement to the Saturday issue, to be placed in the hands of the pupils at our schools.

I had been hoping since your appointment to the position you now occupy you would have been able to bring some influence to bear upon the "business office" to prevent the acceptance of such advertisements. I am aware that these advertisers pay high rates to have their announcements inserted. They have to. I can assure you, however, that there are many old readers of *The Globe* who find it very difficult to account for the appearance in its columns of matter which finds its most common field of publicity, the appropriate one, of the men's urinals at hotels and railway stations. We are glad, however, that there is still an occasional journal which has not bowed the knee to this Baal of the business office, and we are hoping that ere long our old friend *The Globe*

You will be surprised at the wide range of cooking that can be done with these useful little utensils. Just the article needed for late suppers. Write for Catalogue.

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During November

We offer peculiarly unequalled values in

Skirts, Coats, Suits

This is worth investigating

Established 1864.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.

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WE ARE SPECIALISTS IN THE ART OF TAILORING Ladies' Skirts



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Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining room open on Sundays.

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For preserving the teeth For invigorating the gums Mailed anywhere in Canada or United States on receipt of 25 cents.

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MISS E. PORTER Phone—Main 2344 47 KING ST. WEST



Sporting Comment.

Unless this glorious Canadian climate can be amended, the chances are that Rugby football will be being played along about the time Santa Claus does business. In the Eastern section of the Ontario Rugby Football Union's Senior Series, there is a triple tie, Argonauts, Peterboro, and Toronto all having won two and lost two games. This Saturday will see two of the clubs play off; next Saturday will determine the section championship, and a fortnight from to-day the winners will encounter Hamilton. Thus, we shall be at the end of November, and the Dominion championship—which Hamilton is prepared to go after—will still be undecided. I cannot see how the Tigers, although they are by long odds the best aggregation in the Ontario Rugby Union, can hope to defeat Ottawa College.

The Hamiltonians are said to be practicing the Quebec Union's scrimmage game. How can they expect to make any kind of a decent fist at it when only four of their players have ever played senior football under anything but the snap-back rules? The two games are hugely dissimilar, and, without in any way detracting from the gameness and cleverness of the Mountaineers, I beg to state my opinion that they would do nothing more than furnish a light lunch to the Quebec champions. The Ottawa College line would average a good fifteen pounds heavier than the men of the forefront of the Hamilton team, and, as has been apparent this season, brawn wins in the Quebec Union. Westmont, the new club in the Union, has a speedy, clever fourteen, but the other teams put it all over them solely because of superior size and strength in the line. Moreover, I am told, the Ottawa College men have gone out of training, and have no anxiety to meet Hamilton. The Capitalians stand that it would not be worth while to keep in condition for a full month in order that they might win a Dominion championship that is not worth having. Consequently I fear that the Hamiltonians will have to content their souls in patience, and rejoice at the fact of holding the Ontario cup for two consecutive seasons. When they have done this, they have done nobly. The Tigers have played a clean, honest, sportsmanlike game. They have been given by the citizens encouragement that the Toronto folk have denied our three twelves. Of course, winners always draw well, but old footballers will tell you that Hamilton always stands by the Tigers in good luck or in hard luck. The encouragement that the spectators give has done much to help win many a hard-fought game.

Upper Canada College, the greatest football school in the country, has romped away with the Preparatory Championship. Ridley, St. Andrew's and Trinity have all bitten the dust before the lusty youngsters from the hill. And, if I am not greatly in error, there are one or two clubs in the Ontario Union who could not cope with Upper Canada College. The College's victories are due to good coaching and hard work. The unparalleled success which has characterized the work of the College in all branches during late years, has filled the school to overflowing. Upper Canada has a larger number of boys to pick from than has any competitor. Again, at Port Hope and St. Catharines, the school teams have great difficulty in getting on practice games, while Upper Canada—and St. Andrew's, for that matter—is under no handicap in that respect. Ridley has been a good deal weaker than she was last year, while St. Andrew's has been so much stronger as to throw a warranted scare into Upper Canada College's supporters at several periods during the match between the two clubs. Trinity College School is on the up-grade again, and will soon be quite in the class of the other three members of what the youngsters call the "Big Four."

As for the universities, the season has been a poor one for the team representing the provincial institution. Beginning with "Casey" Baldwin's regrettable accident in the first week of the practice season, Varsity has been pursued by constant ill-luck. Besides the injuries to several players, the coaching system was deficient. Rev. Mr. Barr did his best, but he lacked the assistance of resourceful aides, and the forward line at times fell down most unaccountably. However, in bygone years, Varsity has achieved such football fame as to make one unsuccessful season no cause for overmuch lamentation. Queen's has put on the field a first-class team, strong, well-balanced and experienced. Although our Presbyterian brothers do not assemble until nearly a fortnight later than McGill or Varsity, they were Johnny-on-the-spot when it came down to winning matches. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that, until the finish of their first match, the Queen's advisers believed the team to be of poor calibre. The Kingstonians have a knack of rounding into shape very quickly, mainly because many of them put in the summer working on the paternal homestead. They never get out of condition, whereas some of the more sybaritic McGill and Toronto men are *bons vivants* during a great part of the year. I do not mean that they go in for riotous livers, but three-in-the-morning balls and other amusements do not necessarily tend to keeping a man's muscles hard and wind clear.

McGill had, this season, a team which I do not think quite the equal of Queen's, although the records, when the season is over, may not bear me out. The cornelian and white crowd are all right everywhere except in two or three places on the wing line. At half-back Trenholme is as good as "Casey" Baldwin ever was. The team excels in loose work. The tackling is accurate, hard and fierce enough to satisfy the most ferocious coach. At Montreal last Saturday the Varsity half-backs were downed in their tracks time and again, and when they were down they usually hit the ground with a dull, sickening thud. That is the kind of work the football-loving crowds like to see. And that is the kind they have witnessed mighty little of in Toronto this year of grace. Up this way, tackling seems to be a lost art. It is not so in the Quebec and the College Unions. In the Quebec organization, particularly, the men go at opponents hard and low. They have acquired skill because they practice this department of the game. It is up to our Ontario crowd—Hamilton excepted—to wake up and take pattern by the Easterners.

A month or so after Mr. George S. Lyon's notable victory in the St. Louis golf tournament, an American journal seeks to belittle his win of the championship. Mr. Lyon has defeated H. Chandler Egan, who vanquished Mr. Travis. Up to date, I have not noticed that any Canadian newspaper claims Mr. Lyon to be the champion of the world, but, if conditions had been reversed, I am ready to wager a few bucks that the Americans would have been trumpet-tongued in their announcement that the Yankee winner was champion, not only of the world, but of the whole universe. This kind of tuppenny-ha'penny slush may satisfy the readers of the American yellow journals. It must make the decent American sportsman tired and ashamed. Mr. Lyon, if I know him—and I do—doesn't care a tinker's imprecation what they call him. He went out after that cup; he came home with the cup; and he has not since had as much to say about the whole affair as would fill a "stick" of this column. Of such are good sportsmen made.

The coming hockey season is going to give many a young Canadian an opportunity to cross the line, accumulate American dollars, and, incidentally become a professional. It is a pity—if the reports are true—that the club at the Canadian Soo is about to go bodily into the professional game. The Ontario Hockey Association can do a great deal, and has done a great deal, to keep clubs straight, but the wit of man can devise no plan to prevent lads from professionalizing themselves if they so desire. The main thing is to keep them out of the fold once they jump the bars. This the O.H.A. has been successful in doing. It is very curious that some of the hottest advocates of clean amateurism in hockey are the first apologists for crookedness in lacrosse. Perhaps their hot sporting blood is cooled down in the winter time. Hockey, as well as lacrosse, is a fertile field for the peripatetic athlete. In neither game is he allowed to do business. In hockey, the paid man is given a speedy freeze-out. Why can't he get the same treatment in lacrosse? Principally because the club managers prefer to sail under false colors. They are unnecessary colors, too, for by this time everybody who knows

anything about lacrosse is well aware that nine players out of ten on the big teams get their money regularly—always provided they play well enough. If that desideratum isn't present, they get a speedy release.

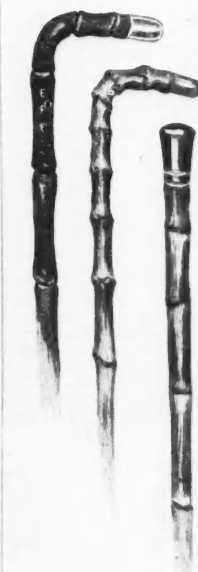
The good sense of Police Magistrate Denison has prevented a long-drawn-out and expensive trial of the betting case against President Hendrie, of the Ontario Jockey Club, and a couple of bookmakers. In place of this, a stated case is to be prepared. This will expedite matters, and will bring forth a speedy judgment. Without in any way pronouncing on the merits of the case, I should like anybody interested to read the remarks of Sir John Thompson when the Criminal Code clauses dealing with bookmaking were in their committee stage in the House of Commons. The then Premier pretty plainly set forth his intentions in the matter. And a look at Hansard of the session in question will make that intention fairly clear to anybody. But, of course, that is a totally different matter from the meaning which a clever lawyer may read into this, or any, statute.

The Grace Church cricket team, whose group photograph was shown in this column last week, is a striking example of muscular Christianity. With St. Augustine's, St. Alban's and other church teams, it has done much to give young men an opportunity of spending their Saturday afternoons sanely and profitably. So far, the Anglican churches have been the only ones in Toronto to take up cricket, but it seems to me that the Methodist, Presbyterian and other churches might well follow in their footsteps. Men too old to indulge in the more violent pastimes may play cricket, and play it well, as Dr. Grace, Rev. Mr. Terry and many others. Why could not a gigantic Church Cricket League be organized? The city might be divided into districts, or, if preferred, the champion clubs representing the various denominations might play final games for the trophy. I am sure that if the proposition were taken up the plan would be quite feasible.

The hybrid product of the brains of the members of the Ontario Union committee, erroneously called Rugby football, has not met with much favor from spectators. The fact is that under the new code the game is slow and uninteresting. Moreover, the gentlemen who revised the rules have very fantastic ideas concerning football. They seem to have possessed a sneaking admiration for the "American" college game, and they have therefore annexed some of its features without any regard for their suitability. When the Union were about it, they might better have adopted the "American" game in its entirety. Some of the present rules are absolutely ridiculous. For instance, a goal dropped from the field counts only two points, while a try and succeeding goal count five. A goal cleverly dropped from the field is certainly worth as much as a try—four points. If the idea of the wise men of the O.R.F.U. is to stamp out drop-kicking, they have gone the right way about it. As a matter of fact, in the Ontario Union drop-kicking is almost a lost art. In the College Union there are plenty of good kicking middle halves for the reason that the students did not go half-crazy in their search for something new. The people who used to turn out in thousands at Rosedale do not go up in hundreds. They still attend the College games, which are conducted under a code that furnishes a variety of interest. The Ontario Union rules provide nothing but a tiresome, monotonous lot of jack-in-the-box passing and punting. It is a misnomer to call the game Rugby football. The Ontario Union was formed to encourage the Rugby game. It did its work for many years. That was when men who were authorities on the game ran the affairs of the Union. Men like Edward Bayly, Gerald Griffin, Walter Dick, J. F. Smellie and J. D. McMurich were in power in those times, and the game has never been so popular. The crowd which runs football nowadays knows nothing about the game, for the simple reason that very few of them have ever played it. And I contend that no man can know football well enough to manage it who has not played the game at school or college. Between the abilities of the College players and the alleged Ontario "Rugby" players there is a chasm as deep as a well and as wide as a church door. Or, to put it in another way, the second teams of either Queen's, McGill or Toronto University could administer a very complete thrashing to the opera bouff senior teams of the Ontario "Rugby" Union.

Smart Sticks for Men.

HE came, like the clay or meerschaum to the man with any sentiment about him, becomes an old friend, as much a part of the man as his books or his clothes; and when, by accident, a favorite is broken or left in the car, he has lost a companion—an old pal. Some years ago I bought a cane in the Burlington Arcade, a rather unusual-looking thing on the order of the swagger stick used by the English military officers. I had it for several years, and when finally I broke it in a friendly bout, I regretted the circumstance more than my friend knew. I think I could have duplicated the stick, but the brass on the old one had been worn bright, the varnish was rather dulled and worn; and these evidences of service were the very things that made the stick of value to me—to say nothing of the pleasant walks on which that stick had been one of my companions.



Latest Styles in Sticks. Shown by Ely, King Edward Hotel.

Pensive. With evening clothes the straight sticks are most used, and are made in pimento, partridge, malacca and like plain woods, mounted and engraved in plain manly style. One of the best types of mounting on the partridge is the gum-metal cap with two bands of silver at its base.

Proverbial Philosophy.

Of two evils choose the one that you like best. If your motor cannot absolutely annihilate time and space, it cannot account for most other things. He gives twice who gives quickly, for he is sure to be asked again. It is easier to be wise for others than for yourself, but by no means so popular—with the others. The best is said to be the cheapest in the end—but none of us know which end. It's better not to be a hero to your valet than to be a valet to your hero. Answer a fool according to his folly often enough and you will find you have written the book of a musical comedy.

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There is no room left for doubt as to the usefulness of Malt Extract in weakness and nervous diseases, provided you use Malt Extract, carefully and honestly made from Barley Malt. Your Doctor will tell you O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is the best, for he knows how it is made and what it is made from. If you need Malt Extract and want the best, insist upon getting "O'Keefe's."

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Good going Nov. 16th and 17th; returning until Nov. 21st, 1904.

Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur and East.

Tickets and full particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents. A. H. NOTMAN, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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The weather is delightful. Those returning are more than satisfied.

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Including stop-over privilege as at Chicago, Detroit and intermediate Canadian stations.

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Its mural decorations and frescoes are particularly good, and although buried in ashes for nine teen centuries are almost as fresh to-day as when first completed—they stand a perfect marvel of beauty.

The "motif" of our new catalogue cover is an adaptation in the original colors—red and black—of the band above the dado in what is known as "the large room" in that house.

There is a fitness about this, as our catalogue stands for the best house in modern art treasures in Canada—it gives illustrations of some 3,000 of these—"art leather"—"old Dutch silver"—"novelties"—"diamonds"—etc.—artistic articles—many of them within easy financial reach.

It will make Christmas buying easy even for those in moderate circumstances.

A limited number of these catalogues will be ready for outside distribution after Nov. 15th.

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Social and Personal.

THE Governor-General and Lady Minto arrived in Toronto on Thursday afternoon, and in the evening His Excellency dined at the Toronto Club on the invitation of a party of the members. Lady Minto went after dinner to the Armouries with Lady Eileen and presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the Royal Grenadier regiment. Mrs. Mortimer Clark also took part in the presentation. On Friday evening the viceregal party received an address from the civic authorities, and on Saturday afternoon Lord Minto presided at the colors to the Dragoons at the Armouries. A luncheon was given on Saturday at the Hunt Club in honor of His Excellency and Lady Minto, and on Friday Mrs. Denison gave a luncheon at McConkey's for Lady Eileen Elliot, to which twenty-two of the season's debutantes were invited to meet the charming guest of honor. Owing to the very short stay of the viceregal guests in town, half a dozen pretty functions, luncheons, teas and presentations were unavoidably called off. Lord and Lady Minto finding the closing hours of their stay in Canada so crowded with those inevitable "last things" that it seems scarcely possible to face them all. Followed by affectionate good wishes, the viceregal party say farewell to us to-night.

The State ball, which, with the "birthday banquet" on Wednesday night, closed the brilliant record of viceregal hospitalities in Ottawa, came off with great éclat on Monday evening. There was a huge crowd, from all parts of Canada it seemed, and the occasion was made further memorable by the ceremonies which preceded the dance, when Sir George Drummond of Montreal was knighted, Lord Minto acting for King Edward and touching the kneeling knight lightly on either shoulder with a sword, pronouncing the words, "Arise, Sir George Drummond," in the old-fashioned way which recalls the time of good Queen Bess. The ceremony took place in the ballroom about half-past nine, Lord Minto standing on the little dais at the end of the salon, and Sir George kneeling on a cushion on the step. Then several gentlemen received C.M.G.'s, among others the *grand-père* of the Intercolonial Railway staff, Mr. Pottinger of Moncton. After these doings, several extras were danced, while the aides notified those who were to dance the State quadrille of the trouble in store for them. The State quadrille in Ottawa runs no risk of unseemly "bumping in" from two-step friends, for no others than its participants dance, the crowd forming a solid wall about the space devoted to the Lancers and watching the gyrations and general muddle into which the stately figures often degenerate under the absent-minded presentment of the first families. His Excellency and Lady Laurier, the Countess of Minto and Sir Wilfrid, Lady Eileen Elliot and Hon. Sydney Fisher and Lady Ruby Elliot and Senator Casgrain of Montreal had the head and foot of the square. On the sides were Sir James Grant, the hardy annual of dancing circles, who bobs up smiling through three or four score winters' snows; Madame Lavergne, who had a funny story and *bon mot* for His Excellency later on, which set him into fits of laughter; Mr. Blair, Irishiest of dancers, who twirled Mrs. Lake, a sedate lady, as merrily as he dared; General Lake, who danced with Lady Allan, and Senator Kerr and Mrs. W. C. Edwards. There were any number of *débutantes* in all sorts of frocks, from Lady Ruby's simple white, which hung in girlish lines on her slim young figure, to laughing little Mademoiselle Jeanne Taschereau, who was a sunbeam in golden yellow *crêpe de soie*. Miss Haycock, Mrs. Belcourt's little sister, was perhaps the prettiest of the lot, though each of the three mentioned had her particular admirers, and sweet little Miss Fielding also gathered first fruits of conquest. Some of the guests whose presence at the State ball will interest Torontonians were Colonel and Mrs. Graves, formerly of Rosedale, who are back in Canada and settled in Ottawa since leaving here. Colonel Graves has held a governorship in some far-off colony—I think the Andaman Islands. Wherever it was, he looks remarkably well, and Mrs. Graves (who was Miss Bucke of Canada) was as sweet and jolly as ever. Colonel and Mrs. Bob Carwright just got home in time for the ball. Mr. Harry O'Brien was, gallant as ever. Colonel Lessard was the only representative from Stanley Barracks, and Colonel Stinson was similarly responsible for the volunteer force. Senator and Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly were Toronto's senatorial people, and the grace and beauty of the Queen City was fitly represented by Mrs. Magann, who was adorably pretty in a white tulle gown, with some lovely flowers, and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock in white lace, a very beautiful and becoming dress. Mrs. Bob Fleming had a very sparkling little maiden in her charge, a niece, Miss McIntosh, and Mrs. Lake had a fair-haired English girl, Miss Clinton, who has come out on a visit to Canada with the Lakes. The Montreal party of guests included Sir Montague and Lady Allan, Mr. E. S. Conston and his two popular daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie (the latter *née* Drinkwater), Mr. and Mrs. Baumgarten, who so sumptuously entertained the viceregal party recently; Mr. Tait and his sister and several others. Lady Allan, Mrs. Baumgarten and Mrs. Mackenzie were most beautifully gowned. Mrs. Baumgarten's dress being a perfect dream in faint tints. The Italian Consul-General, Count Mazza, brought his handsome wife, Countess Mazza, in a pale smoke grey gown with the most fascinating trimmings of tassels and embroideries in leaf brown, and a broad band of orange velvet like a crown in her dark hair. Madame Mazza has quite *l'air distingué*. On her corsage was pinned the Turkish order of "Scheffekak", the English interpretation of which is the order of graciousness. The medal is large and formed of green and red enamel studded with rubies and diamonds and surrounding the seal of the Sultan, and of its presentation the Countess tells an interesting story. While in Turkey she had once nearly lost her life at the hands of the Sultan's soldiers. She kept the story out of the newspapers, at which the Sultan was so pleased that he presented her with the "Order of Graciousness." Lady Laurier's dress was of cream white embroidered velvet and lace, and she carried roses. Sir Wilfrid looks better than the Conservative press reports, but isn't at all as robust as his admirers would like to see him. Owing to the aftermath of the elections, to the time of year, and sometimes unhappily to the visit of sorrow, several of the most prominent invited guests were not able to attend the ball. Lady Minto was most gracious and wished that everyone should enjoy themselves. She was very simply gowned in pale green with an overdress of gold sequined gauze, and carried her pet pink bouquet. An ex-Torontonian, Mrs. Cockburn Clemow (*née* Fitch of Athol), was in black velvet, with bertha of fine point lace. Miss Gwen Clemow wore white *crêpe de soie* and pale blue ribbons. Prettiest of all the matrons was Mrs. Keefer, with whom came her niece, Miss Elsie Keefer of Toronto, who is with her grandmother in Ottawa for the winter. With fashion and politics there was also a representative of poetry in the person of William Wilfred Campbell, and of art in Mr. Gerald Hayward, the miniature painter of New York. Colonel and Mrs. Layons Biggar (the latter *née* Elliot of Toronto) were at the ball. Mrs. Biggar looking as pretty as a picture, the "cold grey dawn of the morning after" a good many other brilliant forms flit across my vision, but space fails to enumerate their charms. At eleven o'clock the viceregal party, preceded by the secretaries and aides, and accompanied by some of the guests specially invited to sit at the tables arranged for the host and hostess, marched from the dais between the ranks of pretty women and smart men to that huge supper-room known as the racquet court, where many large round tables were most charmingly decorated and set with an excellent supper, the band playing with great solemnity the National Anthem. This selection is rather depressing somehow as a supper call, and the profane mind yearns for a strain of say, "Polly put the kettle on," or "Drink to me only," to speed and appetite. The State ball was over about half-past two, and everyone said goodnight with a regret which was born of the knowledge that nevermore would the beloved hostess, the dainty sweet figure in her shimmering robes, speed the parting guest from a ball at Rideau. Lady Minto has not been an aggressive deer of good deeds, but whenever she has mothered a movement it has been blessed with practical good sense above sentiment. Her little word of cheer and kind smile has been always apropos and genuine, and her exquisite taste both in her own apparel and in the touch she gave to her home precincts has never been approached by her predecessors. A memory of the passing régime will not fade, but remain in the mind which appreciates womanly and gentle traits, pluck under suffering and hearty enjoyment of the healthful sports and amusements of Canadian life. Toronto is to-day finishing up its numerous farewells to the viceregal pair, and many a hearty "God bless them!" will follow them across the sea.

A *débutante's* luncheon, to which the guests were invited to meet Lady Eileen Elliot, was given at McConkey's yesterday, the Nile and Rose rooms being reserved for the little fête. The table was set across both rooms, and the hostess,

with the guest of honor, sat at the head. The young gentlemen who lunched with Lady Eileen were: Miss Gzowski, Miss Osler, Miss Ridout, Miss Boulton, Miss Machray, Miss Ryerson, Miss Kerr, Miss Hodgins, Miss Ross, Miss Heron, Miss Norheimer, Miss Reid, Miss Davidson, Miss Burnham, Miss Phillips, Miss Casey, Miss Miles, Miss Sankey, Miss Baldwin, Miss Gordon, Miss Cross, Miss Flavelle and Miss Sylvester. The table was done in pink, and favors and decorations were prettily arranged, the guest of honor receiving a *bon voyage* trunk of sweets. Few of this younger set had previously met Lady Eileen, and all were charmed to do so. It was much regretted that Lady Ruby was not one of the viceregal party to Toronto, as she is enjoying her first experience of formal social functions since her presentation at Court last spring.

The Chamberlain Chapter Daughters of the Empire held their first meeting this season on Wednesday. Mrs. S. Alfred Jones read an able paper.

Mrs. Fraser MacDonald gave a luncheon at the Hunt Club on Thursday for Miss Rennyson, the Misses Ivell, Messrs. Goff, Sheehan, Wegener, Boyle and Schenck of the opera company.

Invitations to the marriage of Mr. Paul Jarvis and Miss Carolyn Beeler have been received in Toronto. The ceremony takes place in Lebanon, Kentucky, and the young couple will live at Melton Manor, Buffalo, where the bride will receive next year.

A confusion of dates in announcing some of the coming dances of fraternities, etc., occurred last week. The Xi Phi Phi dance will occur at McConkey's on November 30. The Dental College dance will be held in the Temple ballroom on December 2.

Knox College at Home will be held on December 16. Mrs. Osler is giving a dance at Craigleigh for her debutante, Miss Mary Osler, on November 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock motored to Ottawa last week and are spending a week with Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier.

Mrs. MacLaren of Wellesley street is giving a tea next Wednesday.

Mrs. William G. Boone will receive for the first time this season on Monday, November 14, and will be assisted by her daughter, Mrs. John Walter Trower of Buffalo, N.Y.

Mrs. Thomas Hodgins has returned from a visit at the Capital. Miss Elsie Keefer is also returning home immediately.

Mrs. Hollyer of British Columbia (nee Castle) is in town. Mrs. Beverley Smith of Chatham (nee Caldecott) is visiting her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Atkinson, jr., of Chatham are visiting friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. B. Walsh are in their new home, 36 Lowther avenue. Mrs. Walsh is in mourning and does not receive this year.

Mrs. Alphonse Jones left on Thursday for a visit to New York, where her daughter, Miss Allayne Jones, is studying nursing.

Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson is giving an afternoon crush next Monday. Fortunate in being the mistress of a spacious home, Mrs. Ryerson can invite her dear "five hundred friends" without a qualm of conscience, and they generally turn up to a man (or woman.) This tea celebrates a wedding anniversary, and both will be on hand to wish the host and hostess good luck.

Many smart people will drink their afternoon cup of tea at the Flower Show, next week, on the Granville River, where Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Walter Cassels and other prominent women will have charge of the tables. The show is a Provincial Fruit, Flower and Honey Show, and is on the latter half of the week.

Mrs. Charles Sheard gave a very smart tea on Wednesday afternoon to a large number of friends of the gentle sex. With the hostess, who looked very well in a quiet, rich green gown, was Mrs. E. Stanton, a young sister-in-law, very girlish and pretty in cream touched with pink. The fine mansion which has been evolved from the roomy old Sheard home—stead in Jarvis street was quite en fête for the reception of the fluttering crowd of femininity, and I heard a sage young person say that the gowns of tea-givers are growing more and more luxurious and delicate in style and fabric. A tea is destruction to many a bit of trailing splendor, as everyone knows, not to mention stray donations of "sweet-and-sticky" which often find a haven on other parts of the gown than the train. A certain pale blue robe touched with silver and pale blue plumed hat, was the prettiest and most effective at Wednesday's tea. Beside the many radiant young women and chatty older ones, there was an amiable woman of flowers, the table in the dining-room and the electric lights of the new shrouded opal glass sort being wreathed and crowded with pink and white roses. Violets were in the drawing-room and other beautiful blooms elsewhere. The second and third sons of the hostess assisted the ladies in charge of the tea-room.

The president of the Lambton Country Club and the president of the Automobile Club telegraphed an invitation to his Excellency and his party to a run and luncheon at the Lambton Club House on Friday, but unfortunately too late to secure the viceregal guests. His Excellency, always courteous and kind, sent a pretty message of regret that he was unable to enjoy the little outing offered him.

Mrs. Frederick Lane of Belthorpe Grange, Weston, is giving a tea this afternoon, from 3 to 7 o'clock. Mrs. Lane was Miss Graham Stewart, and her friends will be glad to see her in her suburban home. Unfortunately the various affairs on train for the viceregal visit will occupy some of them in town.

A reception will be given by the Woman's Art Association of Canada to the Countess of Minto to-day at five-thirty o'clock, in the Gallery, Confederation Life Building, when a farewell address will be presented. This address is something very unique and beautiful.

The Sights in Fur Land.

The past week has emphasized the fickleness of this Canadian climate of ours, and of how short a step it is from those most delightful serene and yellow October days into the bleakness and chill of November. And that very fact has emphasized fur wear. Ladies who have up to now been promading and driving, too, in the lightest of autumn apparel, are to-day huddling themselves up in fur comforts most as much so as in mid-winter. I have noted on my lady about some very handsome jackets in seal, Persian lamb, grey squirrel, moleskin or baby lamb, and where the fur coat was missing, the snug street jacket, with its accompaniment, the fur scarf or stole. My "grande dame" she rolled by in her carriage hidden away in the folds of her fur-lined "automobile" wrap and stole, and not a few muffs were out for an airing, too.

I saw so much that was really stunning that my curiosity made me want to see really what was new in furs and fur styles, and my steps inclined to Fairweather's, and when I set foot in their showrooms the first thought that came to me was that old, old speech, "you pays your money and you takes your choice." That's the story of just such a collection as I saw there; and your money might be for the smallest bit of a neck-scarf at five dollars, or you might revel away amongst the costly and rare Russian sables at fifteen hundred.

I am an out-and-out Canadian, and am just a bit partial to our home-grown Canadian furs, and perhaps that's why my first request to the "man on the floor" was to show me some things in Canadian mink, and I soon had around me some of the handsomest pieces of fur I had ever been privileged to handle—from little scarf or muff to the beautifully striped and marked stole that touched my toes. It seems that almost the whole value to a bit of mink is in the way the fur is cut, and to use the expert's technicality, the way it is "worked"—that is to say, the way it is put together and made up, and they say it takes a mighty pile of care and good fur knowledge to know how to cut and work mink to show its beauty and richness.

Fairweather's claimed to me to have the highest salaried designers on the continent, and the highest priced skilled labor in their workrooms, and we will take their word for it until you can prove it differently. Altogether, I was delighted with everything I saw, and without turning myself directly into an advertising medium, I should most certainly, if asked, not be backward in recommending my friends, the readers of *Saturday Night*, to go to Fairweather's and see what they are showing to-day in fine fur styles. You can do as I did—spend a pleasant hour—in "a famous fur store" just looking.

KARINA.

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Kipperd Herring

Finnan Haddies

Herring and Tomato

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Established 1840
165 Yonge St., Toronto.

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Gran'father Coquesne

By COSMO HAMILTON.

On the heights above the village of Givonne, occupied a fortnight before Sedan by squadrons of Prussian cavalry and many regiments of infantry, stood an ancient crucifix. The sun of innumerable summers had shone upon the stone image of the Man of Sorrows. Hundreds of winter storms had frowned upon him. Spring flowers had sprung up year after year at his feet, and around him there had been many harvestings as autumn had succeeded autumn.

The Prince of Peace looked down upon a scene which contained no suggestion of flowers or harvestings. In the once unbustling cobbled street stood groups of soldiers. The market-place had become a huge stable, the ancient church the quarters of the staff. A few feeble old villagers slunk here and there among the enemies of their country, a few children stood gazing doubtfully at the horses, a few pale-faced, despairing women hurried on domestic errands.

The Prince of War held the country in his grip. On the outskirts of the village, a stone's throw from the Meuse, alone, stood the cottage of Gran'father Coquesne, cobbler.

With the war, its rights and wrongs, its horrors, its triumphs, I am not concerned. It is Gran'father Coquesne who concerns me—ex-Sergeant Antoine Marie Armand Coquesne, of the Imperial Guard, upon whose breast Napoleon had pinned with his own hands a medal for distinguished conduct in the field; Gran'father Coquesne, cobbler, the man who had lived too long.

Seated on a backless chair beside a tool-bench under the one window of the living-room, bent double over a woman's boot which was pressed between his trembling knees, was an old, gaunt man. His white hair hung down low upon his neck. His lips, beneath a straggling white mustache, trembled feebly. Upon the bridge of his eagle nose rested a large pair of spectacles through which his pale eyes peered uncertainly. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up to his elbows and a leathern apron, battered and discolored, showed very little of his butcher-blue trousers, which ended at his ankles, bare above his dirty sabots. The strokes of his hammer, as he knocked the nails he took from his toothless mouth into the sole of the boot, were weak. One in three missed the nail and the hammer came down upon his fingers. And as he worked the tears trickled down his high cheekbones and sunken cheeks, and he kept up a muttering, half-prayerful, half-irritable, wholly impotent.

The sun was setting upon an exquisite September day. Its red glow came in through the little window and fell gently upon the pathetic figure, upon the whitewashed walls of the room and its bare, clean floor. In the shade of the room, five feet from the bench and three from the wall, stood a low, wooden bed, with posts. At the other side of the window a low door stood half-open, and opposite the bed, in an angle of the room, was a short flight of stairs leading to the two bedrooms above. Its door opened into the room and was hooked back to the wall, which was broken here and there and showed lath and plaster.

A sudden bugle call rang out. The old man raised his hammer with a gesture of passionate anger.

"Curse you!" he cried, "curse you! Thieves! Robbers! Cowards! Prussians! Why am I too old, bon Dieu? Why am I too old? Why do I live to mend boots when my son bleeds for his country? Why am I allowed to linger about, peeling potatoes and carrying water, while our enemies burn our houses and murder our children? Too old to fight—too old! Oh, bon Dieu, bon Dieu!"

He gave a shrill yell and his hammer fell feebly upon the boot. With an irritability intensely pathetic he flung the boot and the hammer away from him, buried his face in his hands and swayed himself backward and forward, weeping with rage and sorrow.

"Gran'father! Gran'father!" The voice was merry, high-pitched and excited. The door was flung back and a hatless boy of eight, in ragged blouse and muddy sabots, dashed in and seized the old man's arm.

"Ah, ha! my little one," said the old man, a look of great affection and pride coming into his eyes. "Ah, ha! my Désiré!"

"Oh, gran'father, come quick!" The child pulled the old man to his feet. "What is it, my brave one? What is it?"

"Soldiers! soldiers!" cried the boy, tugging the old man to the door. "Look! look!"

With sudden eagerness old Coquesne tottered out and looked back into the village. "Our soldiers? Mon Dieu, perhaps they have come, perhaps— But no, Prussians, always Prussians!" He threw up his clenched hands and crept back to his chair.

Désiré danced for joy on the step. "Oh, gran'father," he cried, with a thrill of excitement in his clear, piping voice, "aren't they fine, aren't they grand? And, oh, gran'father, their horses! And look at their helmets; they shine like gold. Hans's helmet shines like gold. To are they Prussians like Hans?"

He noticed that the old man had returned to his chair, and for a moment he stood looking at him with a comically solemn reproachfulness. "You like the soldiers, gran'father?" A sob came from the old cobbler, and the boy, with a sudden childish tenderness, ran to his side and flung his arms round the old man's neck.

Gran'father Coquesne held the boy in a passionate embrace and laid his white head upon the slight shoulder. "My little one, my little one!"

"Gran'father?" There was a suggestion of fright in the young voice.

"I am too old, and useless, and worn out. Just when I should be strong and full of fire I am no more use than a little one—no more use than you."

Tears sprang into Désiré's eyes. "I—I don't want to cry, gran'father, but

if you hold me so tight, I—"

The robber let him loose and kissed his hands and face tenderly. "Ah, but I am sorry! Did gran'father hold him so tight? Ah, but gran'father loves his son's little son, my dearie, my dearie!" He patted the child in a kind of singing.

The shadow faded from the boy's face. Some of his excitement returned and he tried to pull himself away. "Gran'father, what do you think I've been doing? What do you think?"

"Ah, ha!" chuckled the old man. "But we take after our father. Mischief, as usual!"

"No, gran'father, only something that made Hans laugh. Gran'father," he whispered in a confidential way, "I was coming back from Mother Ducane's, where I left the boots—"

"Ah, ha!" encouraged Coquesne, as the boy stopped for breath. "I didn't stop to talk to anybody, because you told me not to—"

"Good, good!"

"Only to a cat that was bleeding from its leg."

"Those devils!"

"And as I came round the corner by the forge—why is nobody there now, gran'father? No fire, no sparks?"

"Lebeuf and his sons are better employed," cried the old man exultantly. "Oh, well, as I came round the corner, who should I see but mama—"

"Your mother?"

"With—" The boy stopped and looked laughingly up into the old man's face. "Guess!"

"I cannot guess, dearie! Tell me. I thought your mother was upstairs, weeping."

"With Hans, gran'father."

"Hans?" cried the old man, startled and incredulous. "Hans Dort?"

"Yes, gran'father. Hans, my dear Hans!"

The old man clutched the boy's shoulders and a sudden hoarseness came into his voice. "Where were they? Go on!"

"They were walking arm in arm by the river, and Hans's spurs jingled whenever he walked over a stone. I wish I had spurs, gran'father."

"Arm in arm?" The old man looked at the boy with horror in his eyes.

"Yes, gran'father, and I believe mama likes Hans as much as I do. This is the third time I've seen them out walking. I threw a small stone at Hans and he laughed as it hit his helmet. No wonder mama likes Hans. He gives me sweets."

Gran'father Coquesne rose up and pushed the child away. His face was contorted with anger. "Arm in arm with a soldier of the country her husband is fighting!" he muttered. "It's Prussian heat, but for my son's wife to make a friend of him—perhaps even—"

A woman's laugh drifted through the broken window. A man's deeper tones joined in.

"Désiré, I think I hear more soldiers coming. Run upstairs, my little one, and look out of the window. You will see better. Quick, then, quick!"

"Oh, gran'father, how jolly!" The boy ran like the wind.

The old man followed him to the stairs. "But be careful, Désiré; do not lean out too far," he called.

The boy clattered up and could be heard crossing the room above. With an expression of fierce hatred and disgust the old man unhooked the door, almost closed it upon himself, and stood peering into the room from the lower stair.

Marie Coquesne pressed her pretty face close against the window for an instant and then stood in a coquettish attitude in the doorway. A big, good-looking Prussian touched her cheek with his finger.

"Don't, Monsieur Hans," said Marie; "someone may see."

"What do I care?" replied Hans, following her into the room and catching hold of her elbows. "Besides, there's no one to see. That's the best of being out on the outskirts of the town—ha!"

Marie laughed—a bright, excited ripple. "You were in luck being billeted here, eh, m'sieur?"

"Was I? That remains to be seen."

The old man peered into the room. His face was white and his eyes gleamed fiercely.

"Indeed! How?" asked Marie, struggling slightly.

Hans laughed. "I do not yet know, little sweetheart, how kind you are going to be!"

"Then I have not been kind?"

"Ah, yes, you have been kind—true. But not so kind as I should like."

She looked into his face and made a move. "Are all Prussians so greedy?"

"I am greedy. Give me one more kiss."

"Will that satisfy m'sieur?"

"Yes." The Prussian tilted up his face and kissed it. "No. Another, and another, and another—he kissed her each time—and then I am not satisfied."

The old man stamped on the stairs, pretending to come down, and then pushed back the door. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead and the veins on his temples beat hard.

Marie flung the Prussian's arms away and ran quickly to the table. Hans turned angrily.

The old man lifted his arms to strike him, with an exclamation of hatred, and then altered his tone to one of banter. "Ah, you think so, m'sieur?"

"Sssh!" said Marie to the Prussian. She had seen the gesture.

"Sssh be hanged!" said the Prussian roughly. "What do I care for this interrupting old dotard!"

Yes, old man, I do think so. And so will you, in a few short weeks, when our ring is complete and we have your Emperor and his army trapped like rats."

"We shall see, my soldier, we shall see!" replied the old man, trying to bring an easy smile to a mouth made hard with pain. He went over to his bench and shakily lighted a candle-end which stood in its own grease.

"Sst, quick!" said Hans, bending over Marie. "Another."

The woman evaded him deftly, darting a look at the cobbler. "Not now. Presently."

"But when?"

"When he and the boy are in bed."

Hans looked at her eagerly. "You will come to me?" The old man crept nearer, straining his ears. "You will slip down here?"

Marie put her finger on her lips and laughed softly. "Perhaps," she whispered. "But Désiré? Where is he, my father? Surely he is not out still?"

Hans turned away, rubbing his hands and smiling.

"No, no," said the cobbler, hardly able to speak. "He is upstairs. Listen; at this moment he comes down again."

The boy clattered down the bare stairs, calling, "Hans! Where is Hans?"

"Hello, little one!"

Désiré ran to him and jumped on his knee. "I have eaten those sweets you gave me, Hans. I have had no sweets before for a long time, Hans!"

"So, youngster!"

"They were nice—very."

Gran'father Coquesne bore the sight of his son's son on the knee of his enemy as long as he could. Then he shambled forward, with an oily smile, and put his hands on the child's shoulders. "But it is very kind of m'sieur to give the boy some sweets."

"Ah, yes, very kind," echoed Marie. "Go away, old man."

"I like sweets," said Désiré. Hans allowed himself a slight leer at the boy's mother. "And I, ha!"

The old man took the child away from the Prussian quickly. "But he is too heavy to nurse, eh, M'sieur Hans? He is growing into a little man now."

The Prussian rose, annoyed. "And I don't think he'll ever be called upon to fight us when he is one. If I know anything, his father will have had enough to last for a good bit." He swaggered to the door.

"Oh, Hans, don't go!" cried the boy. "What? Oh, I'm going to smoke on the step till supper."

"It will not be long, m'sieur. I will go and get ready to cook it," said Marie.

"So?" replied Hans, smiling at her. "Good, good. I shall be ready."

Marie nodded to him and ran upstairs. "Wait for me, Hans. I will come, too."

"No, no, Désiré," whispered the old man, clutching his arm. "I do not wish—"

"But, gran'father," whimpered the child, struggling, "I want to go."

"Ah, dearie, but gran'father would have you stay with him."

"Yes, but why must I go?"

"What!" cried the old man; "you love this Hans better than your gran'father?"

"Oh, gran'father!" With an infinitely tender smile the boy clasped his arms round the old man's knees.

"Then stay with me, dearie. See, I want you to help me play a funny joke upon your good friend Hans, that will amuse him. Will you, little one?"

"Oh, yes, gran'father."

The old man, with a gleam of cunning in his eyes, patted the boy's shoulder with a chuckle.

"Then bring me my hammer from the bench, and that large staple of iron you will see by its side."

"The boy brought them back eagerly. 'I've got them, gran'father. What are you going to do? Tell Désiré!'"

"All in good time, my little one, all in good time. But it will be great fun—oh, great fun! He will enjoy it, your friend Hans. Ha! ha! What a joke! What a joke!"

Now fetch the candle from my bench, and bring it quickly to me by Hans's bed."

"The candle? Yes." The boy darted away.

"But quietly, boy, quietly. We must be mice." He shuffled as he spoke to the space on the farther side of the bed, and with the air of a man almost deliciously began hammering the staple into the beam in the wall, on a level with the pillow.


Désiré held the candle close to the wall, trembling with pleasure. "But tell me, gran'father, tell me."

"See, we first drive in the staple so—and so—and so—"

"Yes, yes."

"And then, the staple well and firmly in the wood, you give me the candle to hold."

"Here," said the boy, thrusting the piece of candle into the old man's hands. The flame flickered in the old cobbler's unsteady grasp. "And then," he said, almost gaily, "you run—but quietly."



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—to that coil of rope that is hanging to the nail yonder."

"I see it," said the boy.

"You then bring it to me; take the candle again."

"I've got it, gran'father."

"And then," continued the old man, putting the hammer on the bed, "we tie a great, strong knot through the staple so—and so."

"Go on, go on!" laughed the child, jumping about in his excitement.

"What then, my brave boy, what then? Why then, just to tease your good friend Hans and make him laugh, we put the rope loosely over his pillow, leaving a large loop here, so."

"Yes, yes, gran'father."

"And we then let the rest of the rope hang down in the shadow—so—and there it is, ready for use." He laughed, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"But is that all, gran'father? That won't make Hans laugh."

"No, my little one, that is only the beginning. The rest of the joke must wait until your good friend Hans goes to bed. Oh, it will be good fun! How your good friend Hans—who so kindly gave you sweets—will enjoy it! You see that coil on the pillow? When he is in bed, asleep—I shall take care that he sleeps soundly—you will creep up and you will very carefully put the rope round his neck, my little one."

"Round his neck?"

"Yes, my little one, yes. What fun! What fun! And then you and I will catch hold of the rope and we will win it tight on his winch."

"Gran'father! It will hurt him."

"Oh, no, no, it will not hurt. It is only in fun—just a game to tease him—and then we will let go, and see what your good friend Hans will say. Oh, it's a good game, a merry game."

The boy still looked doubtful. "Will he like it?"

Gran'father Coquesne chuckled. "He is a merry fellow, your friend Hans. He will sit up and see us and burst out laughing. 'Ah, ha!' he will say, 'so it is you, youngster, and the old man, playing tricks. Ha, ha! Good. Very funny. You shall have some more sweets!'"

The boy's face lit up. "And he will give me more sweets?"

"Certainly, my little one, certainly."

"Oh, how nice! But, gran'father, mother will send me to bed."

"No," chuckled the old man, with the gleam of cunning again in his eyes. "I have thought of that. I will need you to hold the candle while I finish the boot. But not a word, dearie. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, gran'father. That would spoil everything."

The old man laughed. "It would, dearie, it would indeed. You will be a little mouse."

The child clasped his hands, leaped up and kissed his grandfather, turned to the door and ran toward it gaily.

The old man waited for the door to open and close. Then, with a little cry of senile excitement, he flung his arms up. "Too old to fight—yes! But not yet too old to save the honor of my name and account for one, at least, of the enemies of my country."

Marie came down stairs singing.

The old man pounced upon the hammer, hurriedly took the candle from the bed, and put it back on the bench. In cap and apron Marie entered, crossed the room lightly to the fireplace, and still singing, lifted the lids of the pots, stirring and tasting.

The old man watched her with a look of supreme disgust and contempt. "My daughter is merry to-night," he said cringing.

"It is time, father. *Mon Dieu!* but we have been dull enough since the war, in all conscience."

The old man peered at her with a queer, sneering expression. "You are merry because you have a feeling that your husband is safe and unhurt?"

"Hey? Oh, Jacques is all right. He'll take care of himself, never fear."

"Ah, but how glad he will be to come back to his little house, and his child and his old father—and his faithful wife!"

Marie dropped a lid from the stove with a clatter. "Oh!" she cried petulantly, "don't keep talking to me when I'm busy. You only make me upset things."

"Ah, but I am sorry, my child. It is good to chat with you once again. For the past few days you have been so busy I have but seldom seen you."

"Well," said Marie shortly, "I've been in all the time, as usual, cooking and scrubbing—always cooking and scrubbing."

"I am not grumbling, my daughter. These are dreadful times, and our poor country bleeds itself to death. It is good to hear you sing again; even I am happier to-night, although I am too old to fight." He chuckled and murmured under his breath, "What fun! What fun!"

"The soup is steaming, father."

"I will light the lamp, my daughter," said the old man, shuffling to the table.

"Our friend the enemy is hungry."

"M'sieur Hans! M'sieur Hans!" called Marie, turning the soup into the four plates.

"He is talking to the little one; I will call him."

Going to the door, the old man stood for a moment looking at the stout young Prussian. A glint of fiendish joy was in his eyes. "M'sieur Hans,"

he said, with an air of great cordiality, "supper, my friend."

The Prussian swung the boy on his shoulder. "About time, too. It's half an hour late to-night, as it is. We're more than hungry—not so, youngster?"

"I am always hungry now, Hans. Mother, mother! Look at me!"

"Hungry or not," said Hans, putting the boy down, "he's heavy. What a pity he's not old enough to fight, eh, old man? Who knows—he might have put me away, hey?"

"Oh, Hans, I wouldn't shoot you!"

With a little cry he couldn't suppress, the cobbler dropped a spoon upon the table. He instantly turned it into a quavering laugh.

"Marie," broke in the old man, with feeble jocularities, "we will give our good friend here a treat. Shall we, Marie?"

"Meaning me, old man?"

"Yes, yes," cried Désiré.

"I have one bottle of the excellent spirits which Jacques won at the regatta last year. Good, warm spirits, M'sieur Hans. You have been kind to the little one; you shall have it. Yes, but you shall."

"Sssh!"

A sound of galloping horses drifted in through the window.

"Poor devils," said Hans, "they're making a night of it. They'd envy me if they only knew—hey?" He looked at Marie and laughed uproariously.

But, yes, M'sieur Hans, piped the old man, placing the bottle upon the table, having carefully drawn the cork. "Although the fare is poor here we mean well. A glass, my daughter, a glass."

"Brandy, by Bismarck! A glass, my daughter, a glass." He gave an insolent imitation of the old man's treble. "Old man, you're my friend for life."

"I hope so, m'sieur, I hope so."

"This is the first brandy I shall have put in my stomach since we entered your cursed country. This is luck. A glass now, quick."

"M'sieur is dry," said Marie, handing one.

"M'sieur is always dry, my dear. Go on, old man, raise the elbow. Brandy is an old friend of mine."

"Water, M'sieur Hans?" asked Marie.

"No, no!" cried the old man.

"Water? Get out," scoffed the Prussian. "I never play tricks with a friend."

He raised the glass to Marie. "Hoch!" he said, and drank with enormous relish. "Ah, but that's the stuff. Why, father, it's as old as you are. How old are you?"

The cobbler winced. "A good joke, hey, Désiré?" he said, filling the soldier's glass again and looking at him queerly. "A good joke. How our good friend m'sieur loves his jokes."

"So do we, gran'father." The boy turned to the Prussian, as though about to blurt out the old man's plans.

"Finish the soup, dearie," said the grandfather, touching him on the arm quickly. "It will get cold."

The boy caught the meaning look and laughed uproariously. "Oh, gran'father, what a joke!"

"Why, father," said Marie, "you haven't touched your plate."

"No, no," said the old man, fidgeting about the Prussian's chair, "there are others who need it more than I. I am too old. I do not count. If M'sieur Hans—"

"Try M'sieur Hans," said the soldier, reaching out.

"Mine is all gone, too," said Désiré pathetically.

Hans stopped drinking the soup. "Share this, my youngster. I never expected it."

"No, no," cried grandfather. "M'sieur is too kind."

Hans shook off the feeble hand. "Come on, youngster," he said. "Here you are." He poured half the soup into the child's plate, and turned to his glass to find it filled again. "What! more? I wish all my hosts were like you, old man." He drank it at a draught, and put the glass down empty with a bang.

"Isn't Hans thirsty?" cried the boy.

The old man began stroking the Prussian's sleeve. "Ah, M'sieur Hans, it would have pleased me to have given you a bottle of this every day you are with us."

"Not half so much as it would have pleased me," retorted Hans; and then he broke out into a German song, and beat time on the table with a spoon.

Gran'father Coquesne watched him with a growing smile; his fingers twitched convulsively, like the mouth of a cat before it springs upon an unconscious bird.

Marie drew the old man angrily aside. "Father," she whispered emphatically, "take the bottle away. He will make himself drunk."

"Tush, my child. Prussians cannot get drunk. They have no heads."

"But he is already tipsy."

The old man chuckled. "No, no," he said; "merry, my daughter, only merry."

"Well," said Marie, with a bright sort of anger on each cheek, "I warn you! If you let him finish the bottle I shall be very angry."

The old man broke into a kind of whine. "My Marie couldn't be angry with her poor old father. He means well, he means well."

Marie swung round on her heel, with her head in the air. "Come, Désiré. We will go to bed!"

"Spare the child to me for 120 minutes," broke in the old man. "I need his help with a job that must be finished by the morning."

Hans staggered to his feet. "You're not going, sweetheart?"

"St! Quiet, stupid!"

"Oh—oh—yes," whispered Hans. "I understand, I understand. Mum's the word. You'll come—mind?"

"Yes, I'll come." Marie went up to the staircase. "Good night, father."

The grandfather had watched and listened eagerly. He stood with twitching fingers, looking sideways at the rope. "God's blessing, my daughter," he cried cordially.

grandfather. "Oh, what a joke!" he cried.

"Quietly, my little one, quietly."

"Hans, you must go to bed now."

"What's that, hey! Bed? All in good time, all in good time. Finish old man's bottle first." He drank again, and the glass fell on the floor. Hans kicked it into a corner, and sat on the edge of the table. "Here, old 'un," he shouted, "take off my boots."

Désiré ran forward. "Let me, Hans; I know the way."

"You one, boy. Old 'un t'other. Here, old 'un."

"But, yes, my good friend, instantly." The old man, with a twitch of pain, bent over the thrust-out leg. "They are good boots indeed," he said.

"They're Prussian boots. All good things come from Prussia. No French work for me. These boots never run away."

A rush of blood flooded the old man's face and neck, and a snarl of rage gurgled in his throat. But with a superhuman effort he mastered himself. "M'sieur is right," he said. "M'sieur is always right."

Désiré clapped his hands. "Now, Hans, go to bed."

In a stupid kind of way Hans looked from the old man to the child.

"Hello," he said, with a cunning smile, "you seem devilish anxious for me to go to bed. Washup, hey?"

"Nothing, Hans, nothing," laughed the boy wildly.

Hans lurched across the room toward the bed. "Shouldn't be bit surprised if youngster hasn't made me apple-pie, hey? Oh, I know these youngsters. Was youngster myself once. Hey?"

The old man shuffled quietly in front of him. "The bottle, m'sieur, the bottle. A sin to waste the rest."

Hans stopped and turned around. The old man breathed less heavily. "No intention of wasting, old 'un. Fill my glass. Hol no glass? Alri, drink out of bottle. Hol hol! Not first time, hey?" He lifted the bottle to his lips and drank. Then, finding it empty, he flung it with a roar of laughter at the old man. It missed his head by an inch, and fell with a thud against the soft wall.

"Bad shot, my son," laughed the old man.

"Not so much of that 'son,' old man. Praise God, there's nothing French about me." He yawned. "I say, but I'm sleepy. This brandy has gone to my head, and no mistake. Better snatch forty winks until she—"

He pulled himself up and turned blusteringly. "Here, you, get to your beds. Can't have any hammering here to keep me awake." He lurched over to his bed, pitching his tunic on the foot of it.

"Gran'father," cried Désiré, "he's going, he's going!"

"Quiet, little one, quiet." The old man caught the child's eager hand. "We must be nice. No, no, friend Hans, no hammering to-night. You will sleep well to-night, my Prussian, very well."

What a joke, hey, little one, what a joke!"

The Prussian, breathing heavily, growled. Désiré tugged eagerly at the old man's hand, pulling him to the table. Even more excited than the boy, the old cobbler blew out the lamp. A long shaft of moonlight streamed in through the window and fell upon the staircase.

Marie opened her door and called, "Désiré, Désiré!"

"Coming, my daughter, coming." He led the boy to the bed, and peered at the snoring soldier, touching him here and there to test the soundness of his sleep. "Hans," he cried, bending low, "Hans, my friend, there is still a drop of the brandy in the bottom of the bottle. No, he sleeps. What



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a joke, what a joke! Now, little one, the noose. Quietly—we are mice. Over head and round neck, so! Ha! ha!"

The boy stood on tiptoe and slipped the rope over the Prussian's head, lifting it with an effort to do so. A growl was the only result.

"It's round, gran'father. Pull, pull!"

Marie came to the bottom of the stairs and stood, annoyed to find the old man and the boy still up. She was about to call when she saw Gran'father Coquesne slip the rope round the winch and with a feeble yell of triumph wind it madly. Then, with her hands held convulsively to her mouth to press back a shriek of horror, she heard her lover give a great groan, saw his hand drawn against the post of the bed and his legs kick spasmodically.

"Oh, gran'father," cried the boy, clapping his hands, "what a joke! What a joke! Look at his legs! Look at Hans's legs!"

The old man laughed deliriously, and then flung up his hand in salute, with an almost superb gesture. "For the honor of my country and my son!" he cried, and crossed himself. And then, breaking into feverish laughter again, he shuffled his feet about in a kind of dance.

"You've hurt him, gran'father!" cried the child fearfully.

"Ah! ha! What a joke! Your good friend Hans, he likes a joke. Hol hol!"

"But, gran'father, he does not sit up and say, 'Ah, ha! You are clever, you are funny!'"

The old man shuffled across to the bed and touched the twitching body. "Not to-night, my dearie. He is too tired. He sleeps well."

"Oh, gran'father," whimpered the boy, "but where is the joke?"

The old man stifled a chuckle, and turned the boy away from the bed to prevent his catching sight of the staring, glazed eyes, the bulging lips of the strangled man. "But you shall have your sweets, my little one. Oh, yes, you shall have them, never fear. Run to bed now, and pray for your father—your father whose good name is saved!"

As he bent down to kiss the child's cheeks the woman tottered forward and went behind the door.

"Good night, dear gran'father."

"Good night, my little one, good night. The holy Virgin and all the angels guard your rest."

He waited in the middle of the room until the boy's step reached the top stair and he heard the door above open. Then, exultantly, he made his way to the bed, and began to untie the rope round the neck of the dead Prussian.

"Now, now, old man, aged a hundred, you who are too old to fight—we shall see. You may be too old, old man, but you have satisfactorily accounted for one of your country's enemies. Ah, ha! ha!"

Rope under the arms, tight, so—and now, with all your strength—"

He pulled at the heavy body. It fell off the low bed upon the floor with a thud.

"And now, to the river—to the river. What a joke, what a joke! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Chuckling like a child, and pulling like a maniac, the old man got the body to the door of the cottage. Opening the door he pulled the body out, and shut it.

The latch fell with a snap. The last Post sang through the air from her face in the shaft of moonlight. A faint chuckling drifted in through the broken window.—The Smart Set.

Men dislike old maids. They are the statistics against man's irresistibility.

Senator Depew, according to the latest discoveries at Adab, the oldest city on earth, is a reincarnation of King Daddu, of the first Babylonian dynasty, who lived about 4,000 B.C., and whose marble statue, just excavated, is said to be the

image of the Senator. But this ingenious hypothesis does not account for all of Daddu Depew's stories. Some of them are older than Daddu.

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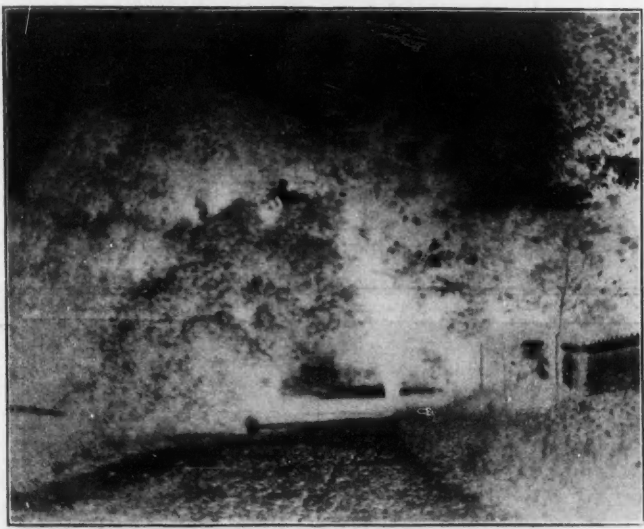


HE camera, like the electric light, telephone, phonograph, and many another useful invention, has become so interwoven with our daily life that one seldom gives a thought to the amount of labor and research that was necessary to bring photography to its present perfection. It is hard to realize that at one time there was no such art as practical photography. I say "art," although I know that there are sometimes discussions between those



DAGUERRE'S PORTRAIT PROCESS.

artists who work with brush or pencil and photographers, whether photography merits this term. Photography enables the artist to express an idea almost as well as it could be expressed with brush or pencil;



Taken direct on paper. (Wedgwood & Davy).

although there are certain mechanical limitations. A photograph that has all the qualities of a photograph combined with good composition and subject will be admitted by most liberal minded artists to be as truly a work of art as an equally good oil-painting.



Printed from paper negative. (Talbot's process).

There are the photographers, who, from an innate artistic sense, can tell good composition from bad, understand the proper lighting of a subject, and turn out, without trouble, "pretty pictures." If an artist were to use a camera the results would no doubt be artistic. From this it seems that photography itself

is all right. There are painters who adorn fences, and there are photographers who do not adorn anything. Is it the camera that is at fault?

In 1802, Sir Humphry Davy and Wedgwood tried to obtain pictures on paper saturated with nitrate of silver. The salts of silver have the peculiar property of turning dark when exposed to the light, and these salts have ever since been connected with photography. Wedgwood and Davy, however, had no way of fixing the pictures when once they were obtained, and their solution of nitrate of silver was of such a weak sensibility that the best they could do was to obtain a silhouette of the object taken. These prints could only be examined by the feeble rays of a lamp, for when brought into the sunshine they quickly turned black all over. Davy and Wedgwood seem to have left the investigation at this point.

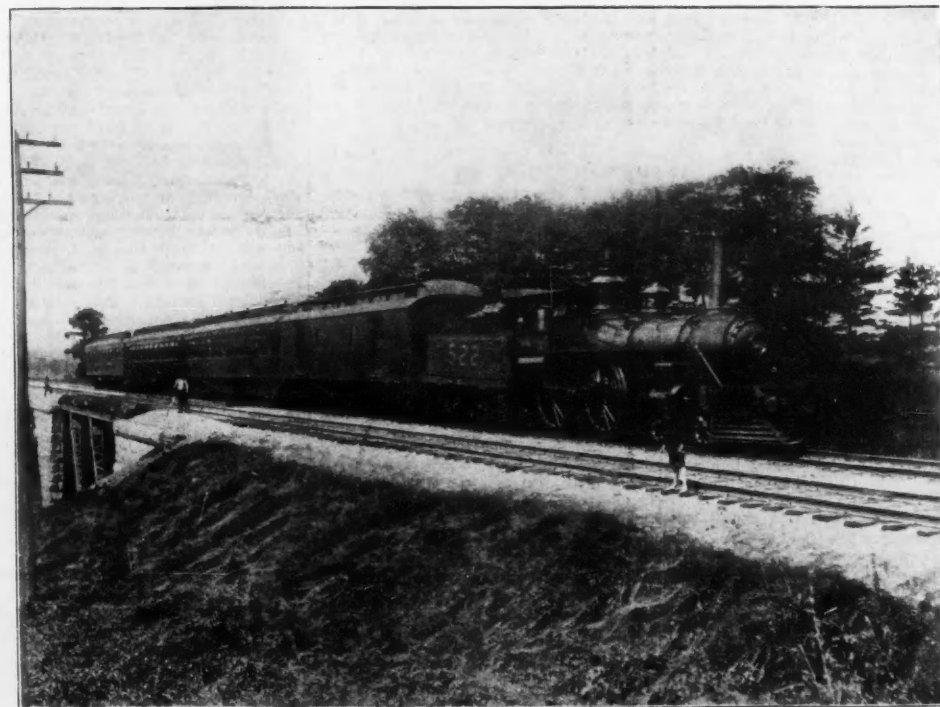
In 1839, Daguerre perfected the pro-

cess called after him. One day, while lying in a darkened room, he observed a phenomenon entirely new to him. The sun was shining brightly outside, and a beam of light, streaming through a chink in the shutter, made an inverted



Negative made on modern developing paper. The fibre of this paper cannot be noticed.

guerre was unknown, an Englishman named Fox Talbot had attempted to make pictures on paper, using the camera obscura. It was not until the year 1841, however, that he perfected



THE EXPRESS.

Grand Trunk train running fifty-five miles an hour past Etobicoke Creek. This picture illustrates the use of the focal-plane shutter. The exposure given was one-thousandth part of a fourth part of an inch during that time.

his process. A letter detailing his work on the plate became very transparent. was sent to the Academy of Sciences. Nitric acid, ferrous sulphate and mer-



SCOTCHMAN'S BONNET.

The island the Scotchman's Bonnet, in Fairy Lake, Huntsville. Photo taken by Mr. S. Butler, an amateur photographer, from the top of Huntsville mountain. This mountain is over a mile and a half away from the island, and the tele-photo lens was used. In ordinary photo from the same place the island is a mere dark speck on the plate.

in Paris in that year, but very little attention was paid to it. Two or three experimenters taking it up in a careless manner, and not receiving as good results as they expected, stopped using it. In 1847, M. Blanquard-Evrard of Lille revived Talbot's process with some slight modifications, and put it on an equal footing with the daguerreotype. A paper covered with salts of silver was first damped, and then placed between two pieces of glass. The sensitive surface was then exposed in the focus of a camera obscura, the exposure ranging from thirty to fifty seconds. The paper was then developed in a solution of gallic acid, and fixed in a bath of hyposulphite of soda. This gave a negative print, which, when dry, was placed in a printing frame with a printing paper impregnated with chloride of silver, and the print taken off. Owing to the fibrous texture of the paper, and the capillary communication between the unequally impressed portions of its surface, the outlines were never exact. This drawback brought forward the glass plate which is now in use.

The idea of using glass whereon to hold the sensitive emulsion is credited to both M. Niepce de St. Victor and to Sir John Herschel. Glass plates, however, were used as early as 1850, although photographers looked upon them with suspicion, and preferred the

curie chloride were used to whiten the dark part of the films. A backing of black velvet or tin was put behind. This, being visible through the trans-



THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENT OF MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Specimen of high art portraiture, as executed by D'Orsay, 435 Spadina avenue, Toronto.

parent parts, gave the necessary light and shade. The whole effect in portraiture was very dainty. From this time on plates were gradually improved, passing from the wet to the dry, until now we have extremely fast plates. The lengths of exposure necessary for the various plates were as follows:

Daguerreotype, originally, half an hour.
Calotype, two or three minutes.
Collodion, ten seconds.
Collodion emulsion, fifteen seconds.
Rapid gelatine emulsion, one-twelve-hundredth part of a second.
Lenses were now used in the camera altogether. The pin-hole, up to the advent of the anastigmatic lens capable of throwing enough light on the plate to allow moving objects to

Wedgwood and Davy, they blackened when brought to the sunlight.

A short time since, as near as 1839, the daguerreotype having been dropped, paper and glass plates were struggling for the leading place as the basis on which to hold the sensitive film. The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Company did much to further the cause of paper by inventing an ingenious roller which allowed twenty-four exposures to be made on the one length of paper film. But with the invention of transparent films now used the paper process went out. Plates and films are still in opposition, although they are beginning to find their level. The film, light of weight, leading in daylight and easy to handle, is the ideal process for the amateur who, before perfect results, wishes to take quickly and with a certain degree of accuracy objects of interest. The plate, heavy, requiring special plate-holders, bulky, is still the professional standby. Its ease of handling during developing and its adaptation to after manipulation and retouching far exceed, in the working photographer's estimation, the attendant disadvantages incurred.

Now to turn to the instrument—the camera. The lens, which displaced the old pin-hole, collected more rays of light and focussed them on the plate. This enabled a very fast picture to be taken. With the improvement in plates and the use of a fast lens a fast shutter became necessary. Up to 1839, ordinary pictures could be taken by simply removing the cap from over the lens and then replacing it when a sufficient exposure had been obtained. Now many fast shutters have been invented, and the fastest of these is the focal-plane. This shutter is in the form of a light-proof blind about twice the length of the plate and with a narrow horizontal slit across the center of it. The blind is pulled down over the plate at the back of the camera and the front shutter is opened. When the catch which holds the shutter down is released the slit flies over the surface of the plate, and an exposure of a twelve-hundredth part of a second is obtained. The reason for the blind being put directly in front of the plate is so that the time necessary for the light to pass from the lens to the back of the camera will be saved. This quick shutter combined with modern plates makes it possible to take trains running sixty miles an hour, jumping horses in the air, and all classes of moving objects. What would Daguerre have said to this speed, when very often a half-hour exposure, or one two million, one hundred and sixty thousand times longer, was required in his time?

The tele-photo lens was another advance. Many objects of rare beauty could not be taken with the ordinary camera, it being impossible to get close enough. The tele-photo lens overcomes this difficulty. A yacht far out on the lake, which in an ordinary camera would appear but a black speck on the picture, can be brought up to fill the whole plate with the tele-photo lens. A delicate piece of architectural work high up on a tall building can be brought within range of the camera. In war, for obtaining pictures of the enemies' fortifications from balloons, it



"GOOD MORNING."

Flashlight photograph executed by W. Bogart, 748 Yonge street, Toronto.

architects, etc., who wish to have pictures of buildings and bridges. The pin-hole, unlike the most expensive lens, makes all the lines rectilinear. This fact, combined with the cheapness of the camera, should strongly recommend it.

During the growing time colored photography was attempted. M. Becquerel succeeded in impressing on a silver plate the solar spectrum. This oblong

should be excellent. Houses twenty miles distant can be taken with the tele-photo lens so that the shadows in the windows can be seen.

Although we have a three-color process to-day, it still remains for some genius to give us an easy way of reproducing colors by photography. When this is supplied, the man behind the camera will have nothing more to ask.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Dan Quinlan's Minstrels were at the Grand this week for a three nights' engagement, and good houses greeted them. Their jokes were free from vulgarity and strange as it may seem, some were new. Nat Gill was seen, a clever ventriloquist act, and some good clog dancing. The vocalists were garbed in military suits of different nationalities, and Dan Quinlan sparkled in a white uniform that was quite dazzling. Frank Cushman and Emile Subers are clever comedians and gained considerable applause, as did also Walter Brown, Fred J. Vincent, and the Trocadero quartette.

"Have the New Yorkers got quite settled in their new mansion?"

"Oh, yes. They've got all their ancestors hung except a few who were hung on earth."

With Hermann, the great magician, heading the bill, Shea's has had big audiences all this week. His mysterious and wonderful performance must strike the uninitiated as almost uncanny. One of his most extraordinary tricks is performed with what are apparently solid rings of metal, and yet they string themselves and slip in and out of each other with most perplexing ease. It is Hermann's first appearance in vaudeville in Toronto, and he meets with tremendous applause, especially after the Hindoo basket trick with which he ends his performance. Rosaire and Doretto are acrobats who make one laugh from start to finish. Jam's F. Macdonald sings with a pleasant voice and also tells some good stories. The Misses Carmen are banjoists of ability, and render several difficult pieces. Curtis, Holcombe and Webb have the misfortune to be seen in a rather feeble sketch, although their melody at the end is good. Much wonderful club juggling is done by the five Mowatts. Duffy, Sawtelle and Duffy present *Papa's Sweetheart*. The Kinetograph has some new pictures, and the bill, on the whole, though not brilliant, is a success.

Cocky—Rode over to church to-day and had all my trouble for nothing.

Write—Didn't parson turn up?

Cocky—Oh, he turned up all right, but a man I arranged to meet there didn't.

Monday night will bring *The Prince of Pilsen* to the Princess Theater for a return engagement of a week. The artists concerned in the production at hand have become more or less identified with their parts. Trixie Friganza, the brunette comedienne, is to play the flirtatious widow, and Jess Dandy will be seen as the Cincinnati tourist, who thought that his eminence as a brewer granted him the title of the Prince of Pilsen. Arthur Donaldson, who created the part of the real prince, will be heard again in the stein song, *Pictures in the Smoke* and *The Tale of a Sea-Shell*, and another member of the original cast is Ivar Anderson, the United States naval lieutenant of the story. Almira Forrest has the pleasing role of the Vassar girl. Jeanett Bagread brings the experience of two seasons to the part of Sidonia. A new arrival in this city is Marie Welsh, who has recently completed an engagement of three years with the Lyric Opera Company, of San Francisco. She appears as the brewer's daughter Nellie. Percy F. Ames, an English actor of repute, is fitted naturally as the English lordling. Such enduring qualities as the exceptional music and fun of *The Prince of Pilsen* are helped out greatly by the beautiful background of the story—Nice, during a floral fete. The garden and court of the Hotel Internationale are shown in gala dress, making two brilliant pictures. Since its former engagement in Toronto *The Prince of Pilsen* has been making history for itself across the Atlantic. Not since the days of *The Belle of New York* has any musical comedy from this side of the water been received with such favor. It has just completed a run of five months at the Shaftesbury Theater, London, the greater part of the time falling in London's hottest season. Two companies are now being organized for the British provinces. On this side of the ocean the Prince has had runs of five months in New York city, five in Boston, four in Chicago, besides having been played in every important city in the United States and Canada. Jess Dandy, who has made many friends here through his engagements in vaudeville, has a new song, by Vincent Bryan, called *Imagination*. He treats a variety of topics from the view-point of the imitable Hans Wagner, and the song is said to be a worthy successor to *In Cincinnati* and *It Was the Dutch*. Following Mr. Savage's system for all his musical companies *The Prince of Pilsen* carries its own orchestra.

Askitt—I see you have written an article on how to succeed. Is it based on your own experience? Rockey—Oh, no! If I'd done as I advise I would have been noble and honest, but I wouldn't have been rich.

Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern are continuing their tremendous Shakespearean success in New York. Of their production of *Much Ado About Nothing*, the dramatic critic of *Two Topics*, a person who is seldom pleased with anything, says:

"For once *Much Ado About Nothing* was much ado about a great deal. It would be hard to say just when New York has seen before such a reverent, diverting and wholly irresistible performance of a Shakespearean comedy. They say 'Shakespeare is dead on Broadway,' but don't you believe it. Interpret Shakespeare properly, and he will draw as well as ever in these Subway days. But perhaps the greatest tribute to the charming work of Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern, the twin stars, was the unmitigated delight of the audience."

"To most theater-goers, *Much Ado*, presented as it is at the Knickerbocker, has all the allurements of a brand-new comedy. You might search the world in vain to find

MISS TRIxie FRIGANZA, as The Widow, in *The Prince of Pilsen*.

E. H. SOTHERN.



JULIA MARLOWE.

a more captivating Beatrice or a more droll and irresistible Benedick. After weary years of a painstaking *Hamlet* and dreary weeks of a mournful *Romeo*, Mr. Sothern emerges out of much tribulation as the finest Benedick of his day. His success was unequivocal. He brought to his portrayal a subtlety and a debonair drollery which were delightful, and the women in the audience fairly hugged themselves as glimpses of the charming young lover of *Letterblair* and *Chumley* days were revealed.

"No lovelier Beatrice ever trod a stage than Julia Marlowe. Arch, roguish, imperious and yet a devil of a little tease at times, she twisted her audience around her finger quite as successfully as she ensnared Benedick. The scene with Benedick, when she demands the death of Claudio at his hands, might have been rendered with more intensity, but otherwise her performance was peerless, a dream of beauty and unadulterated pleasure."

"G. Harrison Hunter and Rowland Buckstone as Don Pedro and Dogberry were capital, and from the rise to the fall of the curtain the performance was a startling demonstration of Mr. Sothern's worth as a stage manager. His Benedick raises him out of the rut of mediocre Shakespeareans and places him upon a brilliant comedy pinnacle. It is an ambitious endeavor and a splendid achievement."

A poor excuse, if new, is better than a good one that has been overworked.

One of the largest musical and farcical organizations of the season will be seen at the Grand Opera House next week, with a special matinee on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day). The comedy is entitled *Me, Him and I*, and is especially written to fit a trio of the most grotesque comedians of the American stage. The dainty work is in the hands of the prima donna, Miss Marion Stanley, and the fun is furnished by Bickel, Watson and Wrothe. The chorus is well selected and numbers about 50 good voices. Fine scenery and gorgeous costumes furnish a picturesque setting to one of the most brilliant vaudevilles ever offered by Hurtig & Seamon.

The Brownie and the Bear.

A Fable of Concentration.

"Placing him on top of us, we held him firmly down by means of our nose, which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose," John Phoenix.

ONCE upon a time (to be exact, in the year 1904 of the Mendacian period, which every good boy and most good girls know followed the Postprandial and Frappe epochs), there lived a small and unostentatious Brownie and a large, self-assertive, mighty, majestic and glacial Bear.

Now, my dear children, we must never be deceived by appearances and judge the quality of the spirit by the size of the jug; if we do we are apt to get left. It so happened that pretty much everybody was terribly afraid of the Bear, thinking him a most ferocious and awe-inspiring Beast, and when he happened along there was a deal of side-stepping, though no one could exactly recall that he had ever done much except back sullenly into his lair and wait for the cold and snow of his habitat (this word, little ones, is from the Hebrew and means the place where you board) to par-

alyze his pursuers (when he bit 'em very hard), and once when he sat down on an unspeakable Turkey and patiently waited until the poor bird starved to death. But the Brownie, though he was a good fellow and had licked the lining out of a Celestial (a sort of angel), was considered easy meat.

Well, the Brownie and the Bear had a scrap, and the Brownie "did" the Bear good and hard and plenty from the first swat, breaking up the Beast's toy boats, taking away his little cannons, upsetting his tin soldiers and wiping up the earth with him till he looked like a spilled lobster à la Newburg. But the Bear said the whole trouble was he wasn't concentrated enough, that he was just luring the Brownie on till he could get him at the North Pole, and that he guessed he had some Ikons and fizzing samovars that would bust Mr. Brownie wide open by and by. He merely mentioned his "prestige," too (prestige, my young hearers, is the reputation of a prize-fighter, and is part hot stuff and part superheated atmosphere).

"G. Harrison Hunter and Rowland Buckstone as Don Pedro and Dogberry were capital, and from the rise to the fall of the curtain the performance was a startling demonstration of Mr. Sothern's worth as a stage manager. His Benedick raises him out of the rut of mediocre Shakespeareans and places him upon a brilliant comedy pinnacle. It is an ambitious endeavor and a splendid achievement."

First, you catch a lobster napping.

Grab it firmly, do not care;

It is nothing but a lobster.

Though it looks just like a Bear.

And now, my pets, run and play; but remember the moral of this story, which is that Bluff is never so good as Biff, and that an ounce of canister is worth a pound of concentration.

THE MODERN AESOP.

Some blunders are as bad as crimes.

A Condition.

"HAVE not much to offer you."

The youthful lover sighed as he spoke, looking down humbly into the eyes of the beautiful girl who was so dear to him.

"No, darling," he continued. "My father left me only eight hundred millions and the interest in his business. My family, as you know, is not as old as it might be, our utmost efforts to trace it beyond the Conquest being hitherto unrewarded. But such as I have, as little as it is, is yours to struggle on with as you will."

She gazed at him trustfully.

"Never mind, darling," she said. "I will take you, just as you are, on one condition."

"And that?" he murmured anxiously.

"Is this," she replied earnestly, "that you don't ask me to use my position in society to support you by playing bridge?"

"A large—Are you sure the Russian count was intoxicated?"

Marjorie—Positive. He couldn't pronounce his own name.

An Easy Winner.

As the two rivals faced each other, while waiting for the beautiful girl who was to choose between them, the one in the gray morning suit laughed a short, sharp laugh.

"It would have been well for you," he observed, "if, at such an important interview, you had at least made yourself presentable. Your hands are those of a mechanic's, your clothes are covered with oil spots, your face is grimy, your—"

At this instant the girl burst into the room and threw herself into the arms of the man in overalls.

"Darling," she murmured, "I have just heard that you fixed papa's crank-shaft and brought him home in time for dinner, while this man here passed by without even blowing his horn."

It was then that the hero of a hundred breakdowns, as he toyed lightly with the golden hair that was hanging down his back, sneered pleasantly at the man who was too well dressed.

"My dear boy," he observed, "clothes don't make the man. Next time learn to repair your own auto."

Schoolboy—What are the fortunes of war? Papa—The money made by Government contractors, my boy.

Laudator Temporis Acti.

Used as she was to the ways of high life, the woman was disturbed, and her heart misgave her when her little daughter came home drunk from the children's party.

"Girls are certainly precocious," she sighed. "I was never under the influence of liquor until after I came out, and I was sixteen before I had so much as tasted a cocktail, or any but the plainest drinks."

Next day she spoke to her husband of her fears. He looked severe, and reminded her that he was very busy amassing a fortune for his children and could not be troubled with their morals.

Bride—I feel awfully nervous. Mother—Pshaw! don't take your first marriage so seriously. It doesn't have to last forever.

The Actress and Her Jewels.

In former days all actresses would surely have a fit, rather than any one of them an instant should admit in strict seclusion they possessed a family or chit; but tears of agony would flow if they were taxed with it.

But now a change has come; with pride of families they tell. There's Mrs. Patrick Campbell with a dark-eyed filial belle, Retronsed Madame Réjane with the Gallic Gabrielle, And as for Madame Schumann-Heink—JERUSALEM! Well! Well!

Death's Bargain Counter.

"Woodst alcohol with me?"

Punned the barman blithe and free;

"I can serve you best old whiskey, two for five!"

This makes suicide quite cheap.

For just drink before you sleep.

And the coroner won't know you've been alive!"

Fashion note: What everybody is wearing cannot be fashionable.

Scene from *The Prince of Pilsen*, at the Princess next week.

More Hunt Talk.

THE following interesting communication in reference to a circular letter from the Master to the members of the Toronto Hunt has been received. As this member evidently knows what he is writing about, I deem it necessary to make several retractions and additions from and to my little article of two weeks ago to which my correspondent refers:

Toronto, November 2, 1904.
To the Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sir,—I wish to call your attention to a few remarks made in your paper last week on the greatest sport on earth—ruling to hounds. In certain portions of the article there are mistakes, particularly about the "quivering fragments of fox, etc." I, as a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals repudiate participation in any such acts. We never hunt live foxes. The mistake about this matter may have been made through the writer's knowledge of the etiquette of the hunt observed in England. In England the correct dress for a drag hunt is ordinary riding attire—drab breeches, ordinary coat, and Derby hat. When our Master spoke of "pink" and "top hats," the writer was perfectly justified in believing that we held fox hunts. But why, may I ask, should we be trammelled by conventions such as these when our Master considers it as a personal compliment when we disregard them? They make a gallant showing—the pink coats spotted over the hillside. Again, they answer a good purpose, they allow an easy mode of distinguishing the members of the hunt from the grooms who sometimes take their masters' horses through for exercise. And at the finish—when the leg of mutton is taken down from the tree and given to the dogs to worry—when the huntsman excites them to fury with the short quick notes from his hunting horn—the pink coats and top hats are an absolute necessity to complete the picturesque scene.

Our energetic master of hounds has pointed out, in his exceedingly brief and concise circular letter, that the members of the hunt do not all ride to the finish. This state of affairs is due to the fact that there is not sufficient excitement maintained throughout. The fences are not high enough, nor are there enough of them. After the first few horses have passed them, the fences—which have already been lowered for them to jump—are positively down. If this state of affairs could be remedied a larger attendance at the finish might be secured.



Why not call it the Mutton Hunt?

SPORTSMAN.

Oh, I see I have been heartlessly led into error. How I should like to know, was I to learn all the peculiar refinements of fox-hunting as practiced in Toronto? I naturally assumed, as my correspondent suggests, that fox-hunting was fox-hunting—not a cross-country run after the leg of a sheep. Unquestionably the methods of the Toronto Hunt are infinitely more humane—and therefore more commendable—than the methods employed in England and Ireland, where a real live fox is hunted, up hill, down dale, across streams, over fences, through woods and farmyards, and at last torn in fragments by hounds brutalized by hunger and the excitement of the chase. To the practice of the Toronto Hunt even the most enthusiastic humanitarian cannot object. To be sure a sheep is made to sacrifice its life to make a sportsman's holiday, but the chances are that the sheep would have been killed in any case—and hounds must be fed even if they do not hunt.

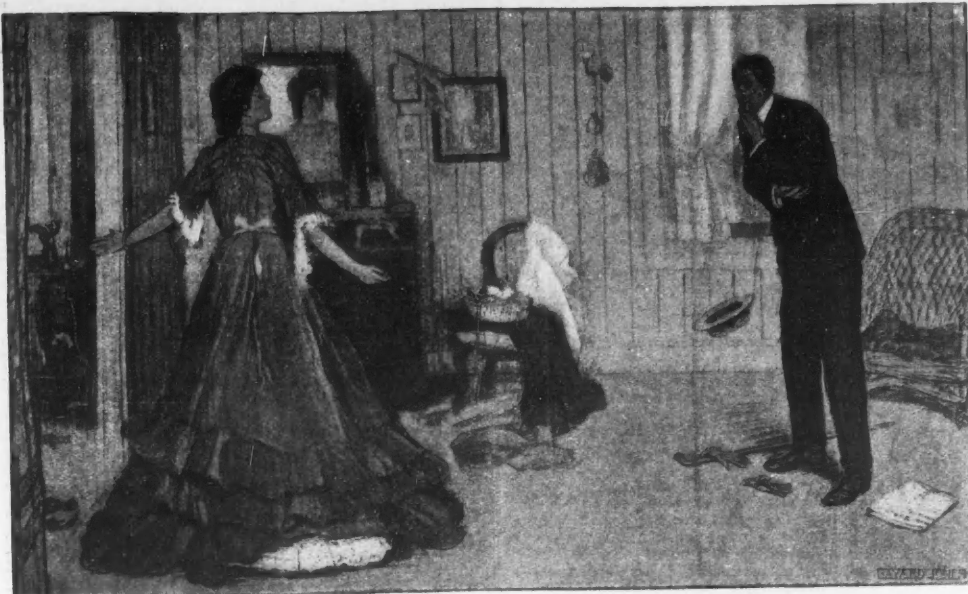
But why, may I ask, when mutton is the quarry—as my correspondent assures me—should the Toronto Hunt run the risk of being charged with cruelty by calling the meets of the club a fox-hunt? Why not call it the Toronto Sheep Hunt, that criticism might be averted and the roll of membership be increased? Perhaps Sheep Hunt also would be open to interpretation. There is something not humane about the sound of it. The Toronto Mutton Hunt might be better. A special virtue of this suggested name is that it would serve to frighten undesirable persons out of membership. Why, again, I should like to know, should the fastidious Master insist on the members wearing pink coats at the meets? Pink coats are appropriate enough when men are engaged in the heartless pursuit of a fox for whose blood they thirst. But why don't pink coats to carve the legs of "muttons, veals or goats"? No, such a style is merely the remnant of a barbarous custom in keeping with the barbarous sport which still holds popularity in uncivilized England. A black dinner jacket and low-cut waistcoat would seem to be one untrammelled by antique convention to be much more appropriate to the refined mutton hunt of Toronto.

I can well imagine that my suggestion, that the name Mutton Hunt be adopted, may not be viewed with favor by the Master and members of the club. Though I deem any such disapproval an evidence of a determination to remain conventional at any price, I am forced to admit that the privilege of deciding so important a thing as a name belongs solely to the members of the club. How, then, would it be if Mutton Hunt is not pleasing or suitable—to continue to have the Toronto Hunt known as a fox-hunting club—but instead of hunting mutton, let the club really hunt live foxes? On first thought this may seem a suggestion that the savage sport that prevails in Europe be established here. I do not suggest, however, that the fox be slaughtered. Why should the harmless little animal be injured in the slightest degree? Let it be tamed and educated to play its part by no means unimportant part in the game of hunt. Is it not quite as ridiculous to contend that the fox must



The fox could be taught always to take the same course.

be wild and untrained as it would be to hold that the hounds themselves should not be taught their duties in the hunt? A good looking-looking fox could be selected from the stock of almost any dealer in wild animals, the same care—and no more—that is given to the educating of the hounds could be exercised in his teaching, and in a few weeks—or, at most, months—he would be infinitely more useful than all the wild foxes that could be unearthed between here and Hamilton. The chief advantages of hunting a tamed fox would be that his speed in running could readily be regulated to the speed of the horses and the endurance in riding of the hunters, and that the course he would take would always be the same—for it would be necessary to have a little stone house erected at the end of the run, that the fox might be able to take shelter from the hounds. With the fox always taking the same course, no annoying fences would be encountered, and from this would result a full attendance at the finish, where, instead of the dis-



And she made it herself.—Life.

gusting scene presented by the hounds tearing the defenceless fox apart—a scene pitifully common in England—the quarry could be said to be broken up by some simple act of the huntsman—say, the kicking off of the stone chimney of the little fox-house.

I offer these suggestions, which are the result of much painful thought, merely in a spirit of friendship. I have nothing but the kindest feelings towards the Toronto Hunt, and I am always willing to do anything to make the organization consistent and uniform in its form and customs.

JACQUES.

The clergyman who rehearses his sermons at least preaches what he practices.

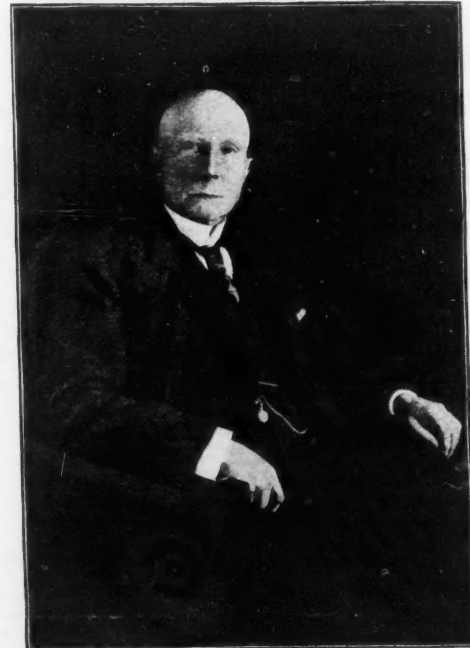
Why Be Poor?

WHY be poor? The world is full of money. All a man need do is go out and get some of it. This is the way one is disposed to reflect after reading Thomas W. Lawson's story, in *Everybody's Magazine*, of the Amalgamated Copper Syndicate. Mr. Lawson shows how millions can be made out of nothing, without risking a cent of capital, provided one has a certain financial standing and a certain toughness of conscience. Stripped of its details, which, however, are interesting, Mr. Lawson's story is simply this: The Standard Oil magnates bought the copper properties for \$30,000,000. The money for this purpose was loaned by the National City Bank of New York, which is controlled by the men who control the Standard Oil Company. The sellers of the copper properties agreed not to withdraw the money from the bank for a certain period. The bank took as security for the loan the properties. Thus no money was paid out by the bank or by the Standard Oil people. The loan consisted solely of an entry in the books of the bank of \$30,000,000 to the credit of the former owners of the mines. It must be remembered, moreover, that the money of the bank belonged to the depositors; that is, to the public. It did not belong to the bank or to the Standard Oil magnates. Incidentally, the loan of \$30,000,000 was something less than twice the amount of the bank's entire capital.

Thus the Standard Oil coterie got control of the mines without paying out a cent. Their next step was to sell the mines to the public at a profit. For this purpose the Amalgamated Copper Company was formed with a capital, on paper, of \$75,000,000. The directors were dummies—clerks and others in the employ of the Standard Oil Company. The Amalgamated Company bought the mines from the Standard Oil clique and paid for them by giving the entire capital stock of the corporation. Then the Standard Oil clique, through the National City Bank, offered the stock to the public at the par value of \$100 a share. The bank agreed to lend \$90 on each share. This offer, together with the names of the Standard Oil clique, aided by skilful boom-ing, created confidence in the stock, and the public bought the entire 750,000 shares at \$100 a share; thus paying \$75,000,000 for copper properties that had just been sold to the Standard Oil people for \$30,000,000. The Standard Oil group took the \$75,000,000, paid \$30,000,000 to the bank for the original sellers of the mines, and slipped the remainder, \$45,000,000, into their pockets.

Now the public—that is, the shareholders—found themselves in possession of mines worth not more than thirty-five millions, but for which they had paid seventy-five millions. A very great many of the shareholders owed the National City Bank money loaned on the shares. The bank

now proceeded to call in its loans. Many of the holders were unable to pay, and, therefore, the stock held as security by the bank was sold, and this caused the price to fall until it had gone as low as \$33 a share. At this price the Standard Oil people bought most of the stock back—they having just sold it for \$100 a share. Having got it back, they proceeded, by artful manipulation, to force the price up again until it was again \$100 a share. Then they carefully sold the stock again to the public at \$100 a share. Mr. Lawson estimates that the profits on this second job



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Head of the Standard Oil Company, and the richest man in the world.

were \$50,000,000. Out of Amalgamated Copper, therefore, the Standard Oil clique, in a few months, and without investing a dollar, made a profit of eighty-six millions. This enormous sum was taken from innocent investors, most of whom were poor or comparatively poor men, who trusted in the reputations of the men behind the Standard Oil Company. These facts point their own moral, preach their own sermon. They give the public a glimpse of the machinery of what we call by the soft name of high finance. What an injustice that petty larcenists should be punished while the great robbers are honored and exalted for their robberies!

Foreman—Here is a lot of shoddy and jute findings that has been accumulating around for some time. What do you want done with it? Manager—Make it up into an asbestos theater curtain.



INTERNATIONAL CONGRATULATIONS AND CONDOLENCES.
Mr. Roosevelt (strenuously): "Your health, Sir Wilfrid. It was your splendid example that inspired me."
Brothers Parker and Borden (piano): "Let's talk of graves and worms and epitaphs."

Just About Some Things.

A meeting of the National Society for the Feeble-Minded is to be held in London, England, shortly. Evidently the Lord's Day Alliance is branching out.

"The difference between the sexes is discretion," said the professor. "Oh, dear, no!" expostulated the woman of the world; "you mean 'indifference.'"

A genius has invented what he calls an "Anti-tannin" teapot, the virtue of which is said to rest in its peculiar quality of making tea that is absolutely non-injurious to the physical constitution. Evidently the gentleman has never lived in a Toronto boarding-house, or he would have come to realize that his invention is quite unnecessary for the preservation of health.

I would that I could, but I cannot, forsooth;
I try to tell fibs while betraying the truth;
I hate you with all of the heart that I've got,
And love you?—oh, yes, with the part that I've not.
I never will kiss you save under duress—
So turn down the light if I've got to confess.

A despatch from Paris reports a legal action for damages brought by a well known society lady of the French metropolis against a famous beauty doctor who indicted her with permanent lameness as a result of an operation. The lady, it seems, engaged the doctor to carve seductive little dimples in her cheeks. The doctor—bold man—undertook the task, carved the dimples and healed the wounds. For a short time all was well, and the lady's cheeks were the envy of the Parisian smart set. In a few weeks, however, the victim to her own folly completely lost the use of her legs and fell back on the strong arm of the law. I publish this as a warning, not to ladies, but to poets. With beauty surgery in its present state "the dimples on her cheeks" is not a fit subject for a sonnet.

Doctor—I think I'll have to call in some other physicians for consultation. Patient—Go ahead. Get as many accomplices as you wish.

The latest thing in the form of a trust has broken out in Australia, where, in Melbourne, it has been discovered that the local undertakers had bought up nearly all the vacant plots in the general cemetery and were holding the space for fancy prices. A man can't even die in these advanced times without running up against a trust or a labor union. This Australian scheme is quite an improvement on the Roman Catholic priests' purgatory. Clearly the priests must advance with the times or the undertakers will have their prospective victims so thoroughly fleeced before they reach the ante-room to the House of Shades that there will be left no tips for the ushers.

She (on first night of musical comedy)—The plot is rather unique, isn't it? He—I should say so! Why, it's the only thing in the show that hasn't been interpolated!

A Swedish scientist has discovered that appendicitis is often caused by pieces of enamel finding its way to the appendix. From this he concludes that a sharp rap on a saucer which would detach a piece of the enamel might indirectly cause anyone's death. It will readily be seen, therefore, how dangerous a thing it is to hit a man a sharp blow on the saucer. Doubtless a law making such an assault a serious criminal offence will soon be introduced into the Criminal Code.

Crawford—I heard you talking to your wife. Did you have a row? Crabshaw—No. What there's a row she does all the talking.

Some inartistic villain, on Trafalgar Day in London, painted the nose of Nelson's statue a brilliant red. Why will some people persist in overdoing things? It's a wonder the fellow didn't cut another piece off the hero's short arm.

Molly (in romantic mood, as they drive along)—I wonder why the leaves turn crimson in the fall? Cholly (caustically)—Oh, because there are so many bare limbs around.

Mr. Richard Wagner, the young German musician, author of *Lohengrin* and several minor musical compositions, need worry no longer concerning his future. The Toronto *World* has approved of him. Speaking of the performance of *Lohengrin* at the Princess Theater on Monday evening, the *World* on Tuesday morning said that after years of adversity and unfavorable criticism, Wagner at last had come to be recognized as a composer whose proper position must be conceded to be in the front rank of German musicians. This, perhaps, is language sufficiently startling to cause one to gasp. Indeed, were it used by any less authoritative paper than the Toronto *World* it would readily be put down as rank extravagance. As it is, it can be taken to mean nothing less than that Wagner's reputation is made for ever. How gratifying it must be to a struggling young musician like Wagner to be the object of such flattering approval from a sedate and widely-informed journal!

Test—It's easier to speak to a man than to a woman. Ned—I guess you've never been in love with a girl and tried to crow up courage to ask her father's consent.

It is said by the Liberal newspapers that the Ross Government will put up a game fight before it will surrender to its opponents. About the only complaint that the people of Ontario have to make against the Ross Government is that too many of its fights have been reminiscent of game.

Satan Finds Mischief Still.

THE Devil was idle. He sat on the hillside meditatively chewing the end of his tail. The Angel was reading to him from Records of the Paleozoic Age, and the Devil was very bored. This happened long ago. Finally, as he sat eyeing the Angel with malicious intensity, his face lighted up with an evil inspiration. Without interrupting the reading—for he was a perfect gentleman—he took a chunk of misers from his pocket and began kneading it between his fingers. Afflictions were always growing luxuriously in the Devil's vicinity, and he did not have to reach far for the other ingredients that he wanted. A pinch of desolation was mixed into the misery, and then a handful of torment, a trifle too much tribulation and generous measures each of distress, sorrow, grief, wretchedness, woe, unhappiness, heartache, anguish, suffering, calamity and evil. When it was all mixed smoothly and to his liking he laid it into a bed of rue near at hand and ostentatiously went on listening to the Angel's reading. In a very little while, seeing out of the corner of his eye that the time was ripe, he plucked the Angel by the wing.

"Look!" said the Devil.

And there in the bed of rue was growing the most rare white lily that the hillside had ever known, a great lotus-blooming chalice, pure, radiant, fragrant and filled with a handful of golden seeds.

"Is it not beautiful?" said the Devil.

"Most beautiful," replied the Angel, going closer, and there was a long silence of adoration.

"Suppose we take the seeds of it and plant them on the earth?" suggested Lucifer charitably.

"I will go myself!" said the Angel, with the light of a kindly purpose in his eyes. He swept the golden seeds into his hand and started away down the hillside. The Devil put the end of his tail into his mouth again and bit it in his savage joy. He did not dare to laugh until the Angel was out of hearing. But at the edge of the hillside the Angel turned.

"We ought to give it a name?" he said benevolently.

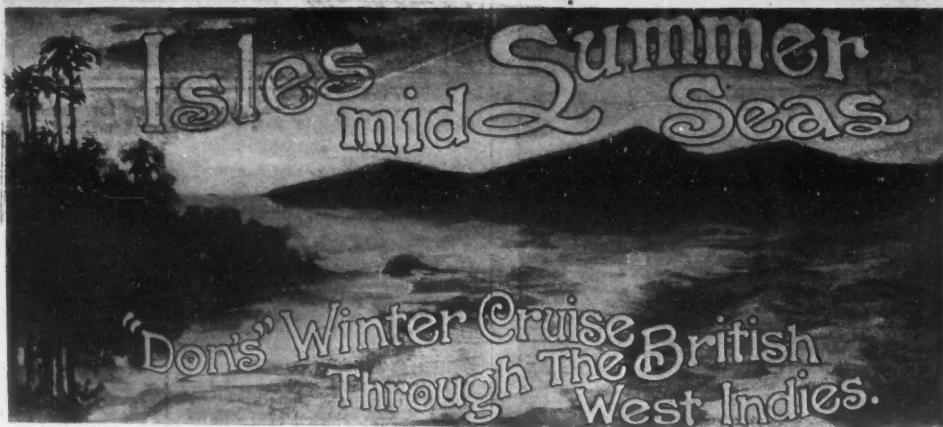
"Call it Love," replied the Devil, and then he lay back in the bed of rue screaming with silent laughter. No more Records of the Paleozoic Age for him!

BEATRICE DEMAREST LLOYD.

Parke—He says he dresses according to the climate. Rowe—If he did that he wouldn't have time to do anything else.

The lesser lights of society have limited opportunities for going out.

Poverty is a man's safest amulet against a woman's charms.



THE end of my last week's screed about Trinidad was saved off by the foreman in the middle of a description of Coolie Town, where in little shops Hindoos manufacture ornaments wonderfully intricate and Orientaly beautiful. The population is dense, and one has very good opportunities for noticing, as they wear nothing but a breech-clout, that the men are particularly skinny.

A little further on one comes to the lazaretto, a place little visited by tourists, though wonderfully and pathetically interesting. Here between two and three hundred lepers, nearly all of them coolies, a few of them negroes, and none of them white—though I saw two or three Portuguese half-breeds—live separated from their friends, the sexes kept apart, sometimes for thirty or forty years, till the disease carries them off. It is in charge of Dominican nuns. Two of the most



West Indian Fruit Vendor.

beautiful and cultured women I ever met showed me through and told me that the lives of members of their order in leper settlements average about twelve years. They handled the rotting fingers and numb limbs of the patients without gloves or fear of infection, and said they had never known a religious to be tainted by the disease. They admitted, however, that nearly all the deaths amongst them were caused by tuberculosis, which a French physician who had visited there said was practically the same disease in a different form. If one wants to see a sight never to be forgotten, or is interested in medical studies—as I have been for many years—they should pay a visit to the lazaretto, but must expect to have to suffer from a few days of depression afterwards.

Almost everything that I have said about Grenada applies to Trinidad, but its society is a special study. It is reasonably proud of having a semi-representative government, but Canadians do not conceal their contempt for its so-called representative features. Shortly after I was there a riot took place over some denial of popular rights—the exploiting of an unpopular or unprofitable contract in connection with the water supply I think began the row—and the Red House, which is the parliament and departmental building of the colony, was burned by a mob. I do not wonder; the Governor, in whom so much power is vested, was at that time weak, arrogant, and unpopular. Port of Spain has clever and enterprising newspapers, excellent shops, and the population, which is a mixture of almost all known races, makes the street scenes curiously entertaining. A revolution was in progress in Venezuela. Germany was blockading the chief port, which is but a few hours' sail distant, and Port of Spain was filled with refugees, ships' officers, revolutionists and ladies. Taking it altogether, I spent a couple of weeks thereabouts at different times, and I found it a rattling good place to stay, though the Corboses—bizzards, looking nauseatingly like small, sickly turkeys—are in evidence everywhere. A dead rat or piece of rotten fruit is seized, devoured, or carried away almost before it touches the street, these unwholesome birds sitting or hopping about, everlastingly alert for something to die or be thrown away. They keep the city clean and a heavy fine is imposed on anyone killing one of them.

The Wild Coast, as it was known to the early Dutch settlers, is that vast district of South America lying between the Orinoco and the Amazon looking north-easterly to the Atlantic ocean, and so cut off from the rest of the continent by the interlacing of the tributaries of these two great rivers as to have been at one time considered an island. The courses of these two great rivers are spoken of by geographers in their relations to each other as somewhat analogous to those of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi in North America. The similarity extends to the rise of the South American rivers, inasmuch as their sources are not far distant from each other, while the rivers flow in different directions, practically enclosing between them a considerable section of the continent and the long coast line to which the early adventurers made their way in search of the precious metals, which are still mined in British Guiana, together with diamonds. In stories of the buccaneers one reads of the Spanish Main, otherwise the mainland of the Caribbean Sea, extending as far as the mouth of the Orinoco. The ultimate division of the Wild Coast, or Guiana, was between the British, Dutch and French, in the order named, the British section extending from the estuary of the Orinoco at the north and west to the River Corentyne on the east, the Acaia Mountains on the south, and divided from Venezuela on the west by the Inlaca Mountains, small rivers and one of the branches of the Rio Branco. It was in connection with this boundary that the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela grew so warm that the United States was tempted to butt in, and by Cleveland's celebrated

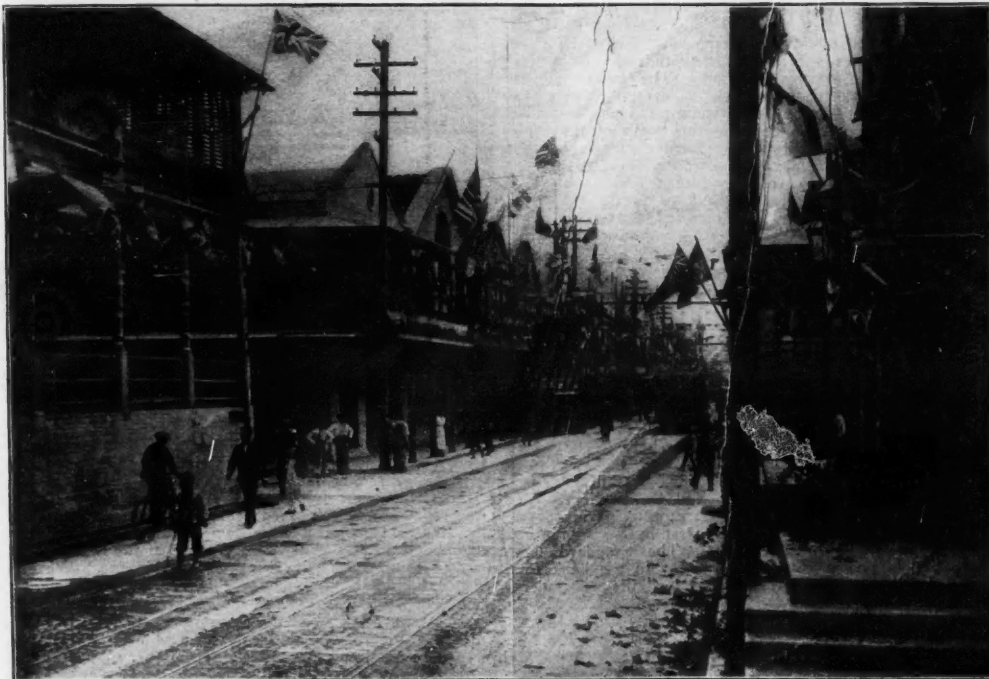


On board the "Dahome"—Viewing St. Pierre, Martinique.

message came near making matters worse and embroiling the two great English-speaking nations in war. It was towards this section of the British vineyard that the Dahome made her way from Trinidad on the 11th of February. Leaving Port of Spain we steamed through the muddy waters of the Gulf of Paria, through the Boca Grande, and almost encircling the island had a quiet but somewhat warm voyage, a part of the time in sight of the Venezuelan coast, and on leaving the blue waters of the

Atlantic we found ourselves in the creamy shoals off Georgetown. Ten miles before one reaches the harbor, a little over two days' sail from Port of Spain, the steamer slows up and waits for a boat from the light-ship which guards the bar. At this point the water is very shallow and exceedingly muddy, and the pilot who takes charge of the Dahome had difficulty in making way, progress having to be slow so that if one gets stuck in the mud it won't produce too much of a jolt. This happened, as it generally does, and the wait was a bit sultry. We landed at Pickford & Black's pier, with our baggage. Differing in this respect from other ports, no choice is given to the passenger of staying on board ship, and staying on board is not an experience to be desired at Georgetown. The hotels are fair, and there are several good and high-class boarding-houses where the rooms are much larger and more airy, while the fare is probably quite as good, though the change is somewhat less. After looking through the hotels half a dozen of us selected a large airy house on the main street not far from Government House, where a companion and I had what was once a drawing-room, on the second floor, as large as almost any to be found in Toronto, with windows on three sides of it. For this, with meals, we paid two dollars a day each, and the meals were more than passably good. The hotels charge but two or two and a half a day, but their rooms are not apt to be either as commodious or as cool.

Georgetown is a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, the colony having a few less than 300,000, on an area of nearly 100,000 square miles. Of this population 123,000 are East Indians—coolies—113,000 what our ship steward called "nagurs." The long-headed and thrifty Portuguese number 11,000, and the native Indians about 7,000. The classes separate themselves to a considerable extent, the coolies doing the hard work and the "nagurs" working as little as they can. It seems strange to those not "next" to the problem that coolie labor should be brought in where the colored population is so numerous, but the colored man is not any too industrious, and particularly during the time when the fruit crop on the islands, mangoes particularly, is ripe, it is almost im-



Harbour Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

possible to get colored men, or women either except they are trained household servants, to do anything at all. To meet the demands of sugar planters and other employers of labor, coolies are brought from the East Indies in large steam vessels, which are probably a modernized version of slave ships. The coolies are not slaves, but they are indentured to the planter for a term of years, at the conclusion of which they are entitled to a free passage home or a free grant of land. Of course many go back home, but many are settled in the islands, some of them becoming not only prosperous but prominent. Unfortunately they bring leprosy with them, but when this disease develops they are separated from their fellows and cared for by the Government, which provides physicians, inspectors and missionaries, so that their condition is probably much better in the West than in the East Indies.

The cook in the boarding-house, her assistant and one of the waitresses asked me to get situations for them in Canada, as the pay was poor where they were and they thought they could do much better in the North. I asked the cook how much she got. Three dollars a month in the dull season and five dollars during the tourist season. She was a woman about thirty, and I can testify to her ability. I inquired if she was married or had any encumbrances. She said she was not married but she had three children, who lived with her mother. The unconventional of being unmarried and having a family did not seem to strike her as I am afraid it will the people hereabouts. The morals of the sons and daughters of Ham who dwell in the West Indies are not considered rigid. The Salvation Army, which tried to do something towards bettering the behavior of these people, quit the job in disgust, and after a good many years' absence from the islands were just beginning to return to some localities to make another attempt. A minor officer in the Salvation Army expressed the opinion that they hadn't any more morals than goats. I believe there was some movement here in Canada to import West Indian servants, but unless they are carefully selected—and the people in the islands would not like to part with the good ones—I am afraid the experiment would be a failure. If some of these people lived north for a while they could probably be taught to behave better, but the Salvation Army people told me that it was hard to get them to be so pious as to cease to be promiscuous. They live on fruits mostly, and unlike the negroes of the Southern States of the neighboring Republic they are not meat-eaters. Possibly this accounts for the fact that crimes against white women are practically unknown. Unlike the United States negro, they are not musical, and a band of Salvation Army darkies trying to sing makes one really long for the bagpipes as a relief. The coolies live largely on rice, and the women are taller and much finer-looking than the men. When a woman gets married she wears the ring, not on her finger, but in her nose. I saw no particular indication that the location of the ring made a great deal of difference, suggestive as the coolie idea may be of a willingness to be led. The morals of the coolies are much preferable to those of the darkies; in fact, there is no com-

parison, though if one believes the stories one hears on a tour through this semi-tropical region a good deal of latitude is allowed to everybody, and if not allowed is taken.

The level of Georgetown is lower than that of the sea, a great dike or sea-wall protecting it from the tide. This sea-wall forms a delightful promenade, where one may see the life, beauty and color peculiar to the climate. The band plays, the throng wanders about little gardens inside the wide esplanade which is reached by steps, and it is certainly a sight interesting to Northern eyes. The climate is healthy and the foliage, particularly beautiful. Birds of gay plumage chatter and whistle in the trees, for this is the home of the parrot, the macaw, pretty little love-birds, and some birds that are not very little nor very lovely—the turkey buzzard, for instance. Juvenile peddlers will sell you monkeys or offer to provide you with an alligator—the latter either stuffed or in its infancy—and one need not go home without many souvenirs, either to delight or annoy one's friends.

No part of my trip furnishes a more pleasant memory than an afternoon spent in the Botanical Gardens, a short carriage ride from the center of Georgetown. Experimental farming is in its infancy in Demerara, but something is being accomplished towards bettering the quality of sugar-cane and fruits, and in finding cereals adapted to the climate and soil. These somewhat primitive attempts are made in connection with the Botanical Gardens, which are large and as great a triumph of landscape gardening as is possible on a flat surface where there is no diversity of scenery. The Royal Lilies in some of the ponds are so huge of leaf that it is said that a baby can be seated upon one without sinking. The gorgeousness of color as seen in the flowers, the delicacy of tracery in the magnificent ferns, the great palms, with their boles towering into the air like many telegraph-poles connected together and surmounted with a tuft like a grand cockade; shrubbery and bushes, and beautiful drives, and the warm, sensuous air linger in one's memory like one of those half-forgotten experiences almost indistinguishable from a dream.

As a search for the stream of perpetual youth led to the discovery of Florida, so it is said a myth of a Golden City led many adventurers from Europe to explore the Wild Coast from the Gulf of Venezuela to the mouth of the Amazon. Rivers have been the avenues by which explorers have entered all undiscovered continents, and those who chronicle the early efforts to penetrate this great region filled with mystic wealth, tell us that the adventurers were filled with amazement by the enormous size of the Orinoco and the Amazon—the latter still unrivaled as the greatest of rivers—and that the volume of moving water, so huge in extent as to refuse to be comprehended or limited by the human eye, made it seem impossible for the sources of these wonderful streams to be anywhere except in Wonderland. In search of a mythical city of gold a Spanish soldier was set adrift by his companions on the Orinoco, and when he returned he told his countrymen that he had been taken by

tives of these estates more than of the people which form the legislature. The trade is mostly with Great Britain, though the United States is increasing its business. At the last available figures, some sixty per cent. of the imports came from and fifty per cent. of the exports were shipped to Great Britain. There is a considerable feeling in favor of confederation with Canada, not only in Demerara but Trinidad, and, I am told, in Barbadoes and some of the other islands. Since Canada put a surtax on German sugar and the United States has favored Porto Rico and Cuba, British West India sugar has been coming into Canada in very large quantities, and this feeling of "looking towards Canada" which I have found quite strongly developed in some quarters, must have increased. Demerara alone is a huge country, 550 miles long from north to south, with an average breadth



A game of quoits on board ship.

from east to west of some 300 miles. While there is considerable mountainous district, away distant from the coast, untouched by the plowman, there are vast savannas, or plains, covered with tall waving grass almost unbroken by hill or tree. Much of the disputed territory wrested from Venezuela was of this character, while part of the interior of the colony is clothed in virgin forests said to extend to the tops of the mountains—forests impenetrable except by the aboriginal Indians. In the Pacaraima range rising to an altitude of some 8,000 feet above the sea, Mount Roraima is said to be one of the most peculiar peaks in the world, rising like the walls of a monster circular fortress surrounded by a steep glacier. The walls of this long-considered inaccessible natural fortress rise in unbroken perpendicular for over 2,000 feet and are surmounted by a tableland covered with broken rock and thin vegetation. The lowlands along the coast bear distinct traces of the Dutch farmer, who is still to be found there as in Surinam, or Dutch Guiana. As in their native country, they seem to seek a level lower than that of the sea, which is protected from ocean inundation by dams and sluices. The colonized districts of British Guiana are mostly level and damp, shut out by tropical forests from land breezes, and it is alleged to be the most trying climate in that part of the world, with a mean annual temperature of eighty degrees, and with a heavy rainfall. On the savannah lands of the interior the climate is very different and is alleged to be fresh and invigorating and thoroughly healthy, though almost immediately under the equator. The revenue is a little over \$2,000,000 per year, more than half of which is produced by import duties and a quarter of it by a heavy retail license for the sale of liquor and a light excise duty on rum. The public debt is in the neighborhood of \$3,000,000. It has the distinction of being the only territory on the South American continent owned by Great Britain—British Honduras, on the Caribbean Sea, being in Central America.

It would seem natural to one accustomed to Canadian Confederation that Demerara, which is only 120 miles distant from the coast of Trinidad, and Georgetown, only about 300 miles from Barbadoes, with Grenada, Tobago, and the other islands of that group lying near by, should at least be under one government. I talked with a number of public men as to their views of the future of the whole British West Indian outfit, and they were pessimistic enough with regard to any hope for their islands or colonies getting together under a governor-general with a common tariff or anything approaching to it. They seem to feel that they are by no means self-contained, having neither products nor market of much use to each other. Almost invariably they expressed the opinion that in conjunction with a country of the size and population of Canada, with products so different from theirs and a market for what they grow, everything British, from Bermuda to Demerara and as far west as British Honduras, including Jamaica, might possibly be associated together with mutual advantage and ultimate success. I went down to the West Indies with a large idea that Great Britain was neglecting them—an idea which is prevalent in every island—and that one of the greatest confederations in the world would arise if Canada and these semi-tropical countries could get together commercially and politically. The United States is great, be-



Street scene, Georgetown, Demerara.

cause it is self-contained and self-supporting, having nearly every variety of climate and product necessary to produce even its luxuries. I believe still that Canada could be much the same if the Dominion included these gorgeously beautiful islands of the sea. But—the negro butts in right here. He is too numerous and lazy to be adopted without careful consideration. I believe if he were moved northward and acclimated he would make a good worker in course of time; and the labor problem of the Dominion is a serious one. Canadians, it has been shown, can go to these islands and not only make money but have a reasonably good time, but the movement of the northern population into the tropics must always be inconsiderable. Commercially, however, I believe the possibilities of trade between the islands and Canada are great, and that the Dominion Government should make every possible effort to cultivate both our export trade to that country in goods now going there largely from the U. S., and in finding further means of placing West Indian products in our markets. Commercial travelers who have persisted in their efforts have found trade sufficient to warrant annual visits, and we have representative men from the islands visit us occasionally and there are two or three Canadian commercial agents receiving nominal pay and doing nominal work. The whole question, however, is being slighted and should be looked into and a proper organization built up. The products of the forests of British Guiana and British Honduras should come to Canada to be manufactured, and the fruits, spices, coffee, cocoa, dye woods, and many other things we use, should come from these islands, and Pickford & Black, or some other company, should be encouraged not only to run more ships, but bigger ships, and to take them farther, and when going to Jamaica visit Mexico. (To be continued.)



Two jovial maidens of St. Kitts.

plantations than any other. The great sugar estates are mainly owned by London capitalists, and it is representa-

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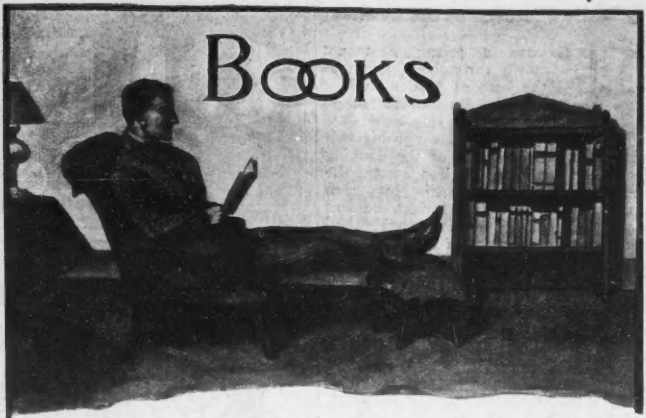
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Mr. Frank Moore Colby, associate editor of *The New International Encyclopedia*, has written fearlessly, in a new book called *Imaginary Obligations*, regarding our lack of moral courage to admit ignorance of certain facts. For instance, of the prevalent fear to confess the books we have not read, Mr. Colby likens us to the abject one forced to admit that he had never eaten with a fork, and develops the thought along this line:

"Without actually saying that he has read one of the obligatory books, a weak character will act as if he had. Some choose the more virtuous course by reading books just to say they have read them, thereby saving their souls, but certainly swamping their intellects." He might have gone on to say, and with no danger of straying from the truth, that hundreds of would-be "literators" devour the written book-reviews for the same reason, and with much less trouble and expense.

But he proceeds: "All this in a field where you can do and say exactly what you please, where there is even a premium on a whim. Where is the sanction for these grim obligations? How big a bibliography goes to make a man of culture? What course of summer reading would have been equally suitable to Carlyle and Charles Lamb? A list of our unread books torments some of us like a list of murders. Yet it is not they but the books we have read that will accuse us. Just here we find a consolation. Frankly confessed ignorance of a book never bores any one and does no harm. Ignorance of books is not infectious, but sham knowledge of them is. The real offence is reading in such a way that it leaves you the worse for it. One would rather hear some men talk of the vegetables they had eaten than the books they had read. They put more real feeling into it. A small vitality may be smothered by much reading, and the book-talk of these people is the author's deadliest foe. The books we have not read may be another way of saying the authors we have not injured. The reader is so often unworthy of the book."

Mr. Colby then visits the words of his rebuke upon the critic who believes he has a solemn "duty to perform" by crying down the commonplace in literature on the ground that it is not art:

"When a dull book meets with a great success, some one always has a fling at the publishers. Of course it would be better if they maintained a high standard. But they are no more to be blamed than you or I for taking the world as they find it. . . . Average is a quality we must put up with. And after all, why is a poor, tawdry piece of writing so much worse than cheap chromos or crude, gaudy ornaments, or the thousand and one things that machinery multiplies as we all travel up from barbarism? Men march toward civilization in column formation, and by the time the van has learned to admire the masters, the rear is drawing reluctantly away from the totem pole. Anywhere in the middle you may find a veneration for china pug-dogs or an enthusiasm for Marie Corelli—still an advance. Literary people seem to think that every time a volume of Hall Caine is sold, Shakespeare is to that extent neglected. It merely means that some semi-savage has reached the Hall Caine stage, and we should wish him God-speed on his way to Shakespeare. It is only when a pretended Shakespeare man lapses into Hall-Cainery that one need be excited."

We wonder where Mr. Colby would have placed Mr. A. W. Marchmont, whose latest book, *The Queen's Advocate*, awaits a review. Would he be even an advance on the "china pug-dogs" or would he be found at all on the direct road to Shakespeare? Perhaps the reader would confront a sign-board, indicating a parting of the ways, and bearing the inscription: "This way to Marchmont, and Scotland Yard."

Mr. Marchmont's tales are of the dime-novel type, though arrayed in pretty, stiff covers. *The Queen's Advocate* we have neither the time nor the inclination to finish, so we quote the *New York Times* comment upon it. This notice was evidently dashed off by the sporting editor during a lull in games:

"Around the late Serbian unpleasantness and the tragic end of Queen Draga and her husband, Mr. Marchmont has written another of his characteristic tales. As usual the heroine is a princess and the hero an Anglo-American millionaire; as usual the adventures tumble over each other in their eagerness to catch the reader's eye; as usual the hero is a man full of courage and plans, but an awful bungler when it comes to execution; as usual the spitting of rifles, the crack of pistols, the gleam of knives and the flash of swords make night hideous and fill the days with alarm; as usual, also, very few people among the immediate friends of the reader are seriously hurt."

"The first act is pulled off in a prospecting camp about the Bosnian moun-

tains, the second is at Belgrade, the third goes back to the mountains. The author does not permit the bloody scenes in the royal palace at the capital of the little Serbian kingdom to get into the foreground. While those high crimes are doing, the reader is kept busy with a breathless tumult in the house of the Princess, and a succession of elephantine blunders on the part of the hero who is trying to save her. It would be curious to make a count of the number of men who at different times in the story are tied up hand and foot and left to untie themselves just in time to spoil the whole day's work. Of course the hero gets the Princess!"

The book is published in Canada by Messrs. McLeod & Allen.

A new edition of *Twenty Famous Naval Battles*, by Professor Rawson, superintendent of the U.S.N. war records, has just issued from Crowell & Co.'s publishing house, New York, its first appearance having been made in 1899. That it has been brought up to date may be guessed from the sub-title *From Salamis to Santiago*.

The author's lengthy introduction is one of the best sections of the book. In it he rises, at times, to flights of something like oratory: "It is a fond hope, perhaps the world is on the point of its realization, that the third era is appearing in which the highest virtues will be developed more exclusively in the intellectual realm—not only in the physical—when wars shall be fought in the judicial arena, when altruism and fraternal feeling and the energies of love, rather than hate, shall usher in a golden age. Our humanity is indeed to be despaired of, if it is not possible to eliminate forever from our living the necessity for settling differences at the point of the sword or the cannon's mouth. Mars, the god of war, has not the judicial temperament. War does not decide great questions; it only forces conclusions."

"As naval science has developed in its application to naval warfare, battles have been less sanguinary. The sharper the weapon, the more quickly it cuts; the more forceful the arm, the more certain has it compelled surrender, until a fantastic idea is prevalent that the improvements in weapons of war will make wars to cease. As though two duellists on the field of honor, looking at each other's glistening blades, should throw their swords to the ground, and in amazement, clasp hands."

"Certain wars have had their justification in that they are the surgery of nations, by which the body politic is permitted to exist and renew its strength. But the time will come when the round world rolling through space will whirl off the exorcism of war; then, when it is shot off at a tangent into the infinite past, this goody earth, as well rid of its burden, will sing in its revolutions a genuine psalm of victory."

In comparing sea utensils, ancient and modern, Mr. Rawson says: "The ship of war, with its acres of canvas, white in the morning sun, has sunk forever below the horizon. The soldier, armed cap-a-pie, has gone; with him the sailor, with lance and boarding-pike and pistol. To-day the genius of war is represented standing forth in all the strength and majesty of simple nature, severely austere. The type is the athletic Greek, clean and strong, with sinewy frame and vigorous circulation, holding with facile grasp the inviolable laws of the universe, which modern science has discovered. An Apollo with Jovian thunderbolts. No longer a Hercules with his club."

In commenting on the supreme importance of eternal vigilance and readiness for conflict, the writer says:

"The result of this strategic wisdom, appreciated by the English Admiralty, is seen to-day in a navy double that of any European power. . . . Whether a like strategic advantage is not imperative on the part of the United States, in view of recent events, is for the wisdom of her best men to determine."

Rapidly summarizing the most notable of the world's naval masters, Mr. Rawson concludes his introduction:

"They have nearly all gone over the side into the darkness of the ever-receding past—admirals all; high admirals some of them: the Greek with the olive skin; the black-haired Roman; the swart Spaniard; the fair-haired Englishman; the quick-brained Gaul; the stout-hearted Dutchman; the versatile American; all have gone from the deck of the galley, the frigate, the line-of-battle ship, from the decks where in the teeth of gales they clawed off lee shores, when the mouths of their guns drank in the sea, or fought the fogs or Arctic cold; from the decks where they led the changing fortunes of the fight in the din of desperate battles; where men take life at the uttermost hazard and clasp hands with Fate—for all these men, as they have been true, in admiration, the side is now piped, the marines are on deck, the drums are ruffled, the yards are manned, as they disappear over the side the salute is fired, and those of us who remain, seamen or

landsmen, it matters not, are under orders to give the 'vast shout.'"

There is a story told of the late Lafayette Hearn relating to the days of his newspaper work in Cincinnati. A stepple-jack, preparing to climb to the top of a high church for purposes of repair, boasted that he would carry up any man on his back who would consent to go. Mr. Hearn, then a reporter on the *Commercial*, unexpectedly took the dare, clasped his arms around the jack's neck, and was landed upon the dizzy steeple-heights amid deafening cheers. Afterwards he turned it into "copy" by a three-column article giving a marvelous description of the city as seen from that point of view. The article created talk throughout the city for its wonderful realism; but the funny part of it is that Mr. Hearn was so near-sighted that he couldn't see more than fifty feet in front of him. But the readers did not know this, else they would have still more marveled at his great imagination.

Mr. Hearn was a remarkable product of an unusual intermixture of races. His father was an Irish surgeon in the British army; his mother an Ionian Greek girl. He was born in the Ionian Islands, educated in Wales, Ireland, England and France, in private schools and Roman Catholic institutions. Having completed his schooling he went to Cincinnati, where he tried to make a living as a book agent. He also tried newspaper work in that city, but after a time gave it up to run a restaurant in New Orleans. But this material occupation was hardly congenial to the literary vein which was steadily working towards the surface in Mr. Hearn; and he abandoned the eating-house, and straightway wrote his first book, *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature*. During the next ten years he brought out several books, the most notable, probably, being *Some Chinese Ghosts*.

In 1890, he went to Japan and began the life of a teacher. There he married a Japanese wife and became a subject of the empire, taking the name of Y. Koizumi. He quickly made himself familiar with the inner life of Japan, and in 1896 was appointed a lecturer in the Imperial University of Tokio. It is admitted that Mr. Hearn had a knowledge of Oriental life and traditions unsurpassed among Western authors. He was not a philosopher nor a judicial student of life, but a gifted impressionist.

In the November *American Monthly*, Agnes C. Laut has a readable article on *The Trend of Political Affairs in Canada*. Not since the provinces were united in the present federation have political affairs been so quiescent, says Miss Laut, and she cites the present unparalleled prosperity of the Dominion as the probable reason therefor.

The writer touches lightly upon the Dunderdon incident, and regarding the transcontinental railway states as her belief that both parties are unanimous in the opinion that the road must be built. As to the Americanizing of the West, Miss Laut declares it "a boggy, terrifying only to those who know nothing about it. If American capital is invested in Canadian mines, lands, forests, railways, American capital will, of course, demand safeguards for those investments, and that is the extent of any issue which may have been mooted."

The greater part of the article is devoted to "preferential trade," and these big subjects seem almost funny when handled by Miss Laut, who has been thought of only as an author of stirring romances.

Hall Caine's new novel, *The Prodigal Son*, is being published this week simultaneously in England, Germany, France, Holland, Denmark, Finland, Sweden and America. This argues that there are lunatics unconfined in all these countries.

Mr. Morley Roberts is bringing out in England a new novel entitled *Lady Penelope*.

Maurice Hewlett has a new book called *The Road to Tuscany*.

It is rumored that Ibsen is writing a play showing forth his views on war, and expressing opinions in direct opposition to Tolstoy. In it he will attempt to prove that conflicts between nations are necessary for the proper development of the human species, because they inculcate the idea of discipline, courage, will, and personal action.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley is engaged in writing another book which she promises the public in 1906. We do not believe any sleep will be lost owing to bitter disappointment if her product fails to appear then. After *Moths*, her old admirers were rather disgusted with themselves.

Mr. Swinburne has brought out a new volume of poetry. Here is a passage from the poem which gives its title to the book—*A Channel Passage*:

"A thousand Phosphors, a thousand Hesperes, awake in the churning sea, And the sweet soft hiss of them living and dying was clear as a tune could be; As a tune that is played by the fingers of death on the keys of life or of sleep, Audible always alive in the storm, too fleet for a dream to keep."

The English *Bookman* says of Mr. Goldwin Smith's new work, *My Memory of Gladstone*, that "interesting and of undoubted value as anything must be from the hand of its writer, this little book does not fulfil the expectation created by its title. For it is in reality but an essay on Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, and personal reminiscence is almost a negligible quantity."

Mrs. Oldgirl—You surely would never marry.
Miss Newgirl—Not unless I should meet a man who could keep house and take care of children.

Jones (at the bank)—Must I be identified?
Teller—Not unless you wish—the cheque is no good!

Old Skinfint—It's awful to die this way and have to leave all my money.
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Hicks—I hear old Jagskey is drinking again.
Wicks—Yes; he had a fearful case of T. B's.
Hicks—T. B's? What's that?
Wicks—Torpedo boats.

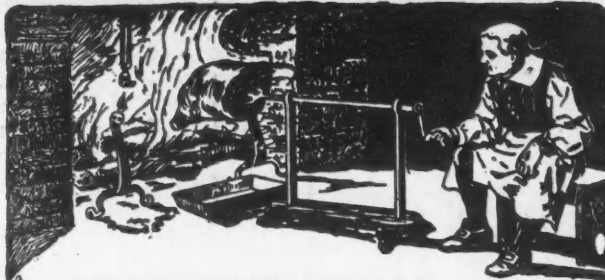
Crawford—Did the coming of the stork make much difference in his home life?
Crabshaw—Yes. His wife changed her love for him to the baby and he transferred his to the nurse.

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Anecdotal.

The late Senator Hoar was a graduate of Harvard, and, in the reminiscent mood that always fell upon him when he visited his old home in Concord, he would tell many amusing stories of the Harvard of the past. One day in Concord the name of an eminent clergyman came up. "A Harvard boy," said Senator Hoar. "And even in Harvard he showed himself to be religiously inclined. A rule he was a good Greek scholar. One though, there was a passage in the Greek Testament that he could not construe—a passage wherein the words could hardly have been more confused and jumbled if it had been intended to make a puzzle of them. Over this passage the boy labored a long time. Then, in despair, he got a Bible and commenced to use it as a crib. He sat at his desk with the Bible hidden in his lap, when an instructor tiptoed up and caught him at his cheating. 'What book have you there, young man?' said the instructor, touching him on the shoulder. Subterfuge would have been useless, and the pious boy replied: 'A book, sir, of which no one need be ashamed.'"

A lawyer in a Western city once went to another part of the country on business. On arriving at his destination, he found he had forgotten the name of the firm he had come to see, and had left all enlightening memoranda in his desk. After wasting valuable time in useless efforts to remember, he telegraphed home to his partner for the necessary information. He got it, and more, "Your business is with Smith & Jones," his partner's message ran; "your name is Brown."

Ysaye, the violinist, is a shy and quiet man, except when ruffled or annoyed. When he becomes sharp of tongue. Recently he was playing at a private house, and an elderly woman, a passionate lover of music, drew closer and closer to him as he continued to play. She was interested in the score, and to read it the better she put her head almost against his. Ysaye, who had been growing angrier every moment, suddenly ceased playing, and, whipping out his handkerchief, wiped the woman's nose with it. She was furious, and grew more so when the violinist said: "I beg your pardon; but your nose was so close to my face that I thought it was my own."

Sir Lauder Brunton, the noted English physician, was talking about nervous ill temper at a reception that was given in his honor by the Medical Club of Philadelphia. After he had described the beneficial effect of certain drugs upon nervous ill temper, Dr. Brunton said: "Ill temper of the nervous sort is worthy of serious attention. It makes many lives unhappy. I remember a middle-aged woman of most nervous disposition, who told me with tears in her eyes how she had once said to her husband: 'John, I know I'm cross at times. I know you find me unkind often. Sometimes, perhaps, you think I do not love you. But, John, remember, when such unhappy thoughts assail you, that if I had my life to live over again, I'd marry you just the same.' 'I'm not so sure of that,' John answered shortly."

John Drew's father and mother were both on the stage, and the actor, coming from so histrionic a family, has naturally a broad acquaintance with stage history. The other day he was talking about prompters. "Prompters in the past," he said, "were more in evidence than they now are. When stock companies produced a new play every week, the best of their performers were apt to forget a line now and then. Hence the prompter would often be seen dodging out of the wings, and his voice, prompting away earnestly, would often be heard. 'My father used to tell about a stock actor who stalked upon the stage one night in the sweeping toga of a Roman Senator, struck an heroic attitude, said, 'I was in Rome—', and there stuck 'I was in Rome,' he repeated, after a long and hideous silence. 'I was in Rome—I was in Rome—' He wondered why the prompter did not help him. But the prompter, as a matter of fact, had lost the place, and was now turning the leaves of his prompt book rapidly and confusedly, quite unable to find the passage beginning 'I was in Rome.' The actor stood stock-still. The audience began to titter. 'I was in Rome,' the poor man said, and then, turning to the prompter, he went on: 'Well, sir, what was I doing in Rome?'

John E. Redmond, at a reception in his honor, was asked for his opinion of a political prophecy that had been printed in a London newspaper. Mr. Redmond read the prophecy. Then he smiled. "This," he said, "is hyperbolic. It is as hyperbolic as the mosquito story that a resident of New Jersey told me the other day. This gentleman desired to impress upon me the great size and ferocity of the New Jersey mosquitoes. He said: 'I had a valuable cow in the spring, and usually I kept her in the stable, for the mosquitoes were growing in size and in numbers, and I feared that they might do her harm. One hot, cloudy, humid day, though, I permitted the cow to pasture in a marshy field. She spent the day in the field. And toward evening I went with one of my boys to bring her home to the milking. Alas! her skeleton lay beneath a tree, and on an adjacent fence sat a mosquito, picking his teeth with one of her horns.'"

Two well-known men about town were discussing a new club-house which had recently been built at great cost. One of the men had just been inspecting the new building.

"What style did you say it was decorated in?" asked the other.

The man who had seen the interior reflected a moment. "I think it was either Late Pullman or Early North German Lloyd," he replied.

"Erroues," said the teacher, "what is a hyphen?"

"A hyphen is something you use when you break your word to stick it together again," replied Frances.

Little Pictures of the War.

It was a young lieutenant known throughout Japan as "the hero of Motienling."

At the Russian attack on that pass on July 4 he slew a baker's dozen with his own sword. In the advance of the flanking forces on Liaoyang he was among the foremost. Charging with his men through a field of giant millet, he was struck by a splinter of an exploding shell which tore away part of his lips, shattered his teeth, and wounded the tip of his tongue. He was ordered to retire, and behind a slight shelter the field surgeon did his quick work. Despite his pain, the man was seen to smile and attempted to mumble some words in his now blurred speech. Those around strained their ears to catch his meaning. The young lieutenant's smile deepened, and he made a motion with his head towards his hands and feet.

"They're still there," he thickly murmured. "I can still fight the Russians."

Seven Russians came out of the casement. For thirty-six hours, surrounded by the Japanese army, they had defied every effort to capture them.

When the Russian forces had retired to Liaoyang, these men threw themselves into a bomb-proof casement in the rear, piled up sandbags in front, and waited. When the Japanese entered the earthworks, the men from their shelter opened out with magazine rifles upon them.

It was impossible to storm the casement without much loss of life, so the Japanese, avoiding the line of their fire, waited, shooting into them from odd corners. The men had no food or water save the little they carried on their persons, and as hour after hour passed their thirst grew to agony. They had to keep constantly on the watch, and at last there was nothing to do but surrender. The Japanese came up, and gingerly took their rifles and bayonets over the sandbags.

Then the Russians stepped out. They were ghastly, save for the crime which long fighting had put on them. Every soldier respects courage, and there was no sign but of honor for them as they marched into captivity.

The battle was over, the Russians had retired, and we were making our way into Liaoyang.

Suddenly, full behind us, came the sharp burst of an exploding shell, and the cart carrying Sir Ian Hamilton's campaign kit scattered in many pieces in the air. A live shell left on the roadway had done the work. A chance ray by the passing cart, then two men and three horses were blown to bits, a third man died soon after, and a fourth lingered but a little longer.

The general and staff of the First Army stood on top of the hill watching the battle ahead. Immediately behind them a field telegraph was busy at work. Suddenly a soldier jumped to his feet and ran down the slope into the corn fields below. A Chinaman there darted off like a rabbit, but the soldier was too quick, and soon had him secure. Several Japanese came up, there was a brief animated conversation, the Chinaman screaming piteously all the while, and then the prisoner was forced on his knees, the soldier's sword flashed, and in a moment the man's head fell and a gush of blood spouted from his severed trunk. They made a slight hole where he fell and forced the body into it, covering it over with millet stalks. Then the soldier wiped his sword clean, and went back as though nothing had happened.

The Chinaman was a telegraph-wire snapper sent by the Russians, and had cut the wire below, not realizing that the station was just above.

The war correspondent had ridden away from his fellows to see fighting at its closest range. For days, defying regulations, he mingled with the soldiers in their trenches and on the first fighting line.

The men shared their scanty rations with him, and he went hungry and thirsty with them. He was among the foremost to enter Liaoyang, and then rushed for his typewriter to tell his story. But before he could strike a key a bad attack of dysentery took him. His brain could not think, his hands could not write, and he could not ride a hundred yards, much less the hundred miles he wished to go to Yinkow telegraph office. Yet one thought possessed him. "I must write my story, I must ride down the line." He tried to rise, but a spasm of pain shook him.

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THE Savage English Grand Opera company have been giving this week at the Princess Theatre a series of intelligible and instructive performances of standard works with a good ensemble, and a good orchestra and chorus at very reasonable prices. I shall not pretend that we have not heard finer productions of *Lohengrin* and *Carmen*, but these have been special occasions and at high prices for seats. *Lohengrin* was given a splendid ensemble performance in English by the National Opera Company, assisted by the magnificent Thomas orchestra and with a lavish employment of accessories that has not been approached by any other travelling organization since, and *Carmen* has been presented in English by Kellogg and Hask and in the foreign version by the Grau company, with Calve in the title role and with the fine operatic orchestra of Mr. Franko. On the last mentioned occasion the price of the best seats was four dollars, about double what is charged by Mr. Savage's company. It is puzzling to understand what Mr. Savage means in his announcement of his *Lohengrin* as the first American production in English. The National Opera Company was an American production in English. Does he mean the first production in English by a purely American company? The words are very ambiguous.

Mr. Savage's repertoire for the week is a very liberal one and covers wide diversity of style and school. The list consists of eight operas of acknowledged repute or popularity, viz. *Lohengrin*, *Carmen*, *Trovatore*, *Othello*, *Tannhauser*, *Puccini's La Bohème*, and the two tragic operettas, *I Pagliacci* and *Cavallaria Rusticana*, the offering seems to suit the most varied tastes. I consider Mr. Savage's production instructive, because they enable the hearer to get a comprehensive and intelligent idea of the operas as a whole, and not merely of one leading part. He has the advantage of a double cast of principal singers, not one of whom can fairly be characterized as mediocre either with respect to their voices or their singing. The leading tenors, Messrs. Sheehan and Wegener, have exceptionally good voices, and they do not sing their music with the milk-and-water expression so characteristic of the tribe of tenors, and which led the late Von Bulow to say that a tenor was a disease. Messrs. Goff and Deane, the leading baritones, are also effective singers and actors with robust voices of pleasing quality. In Miss Gertrude Rennyson, the prima donna, and Miss Brooks, the leading soprano, both competent to sing leading roles with much enjoyment to their hearers and gifted with attractive voices. And finally, the principal contralto, Marion Ivell, is the possessor of a full and deep toned contralto, that despite the occasional veil over it has a distinct charm of its own, while Miss Rita Newman, the second contralto, has a voice of delightful sympathy and timbre. The orchestra, while not including all the instruments required for a complete opera orchestra, is sufficiently strong and efficient to afford proper support to the singers, and in the operas already produced when this page went to press have been satisfying to all but those exacting critics who demand the music reproduced with all the fullness and variety contemplated by the composer. The choruses succeeded in winning triumphs where more pretentious organizations have failed. One instance pointed out by the *Globe* may be cited in the chorus of cigarette girls in the first act of *Carmen*, of which foreign companies generally make a sad mess.

The most welcome production of the week was Verdi's *Othello*, which, although composed so far back as 1875, had never previously been heard in Toronto, and that attracted an overflowing audience of eager and expectant music lovers, which fully justified the enterprise of Mr. Savage in including it in his repertoire. *Blasé* opera-goers who had long wished for a new sensation in music here got it. In this work Verdi has left us a perfectly unique, fresh and moving style of opera setting, distinct from his early method as illustrated in *Trovatore*, and independent of the Wagnerian treatment. Such well-defined seizing melodies as those found in every page of *Trovatore* are conspicuous by their absence from the vocal parts. On the other hand, the orchestra is assigned a subordinate position as compared with that given to it in the Wagnerian drama. It does not speak, comment, and unfold the dramatic situation, neither does it sing with the independent searching melody of the composer of *Lohengrin*. And yet in beauty of color, in its succession of eloquent phrases, the *Othello* orchestration is always appealing, always refined and original, and always absorbing in interest. *Othello* was pronounced Verdi's masterpiece when it first appeared. It is doubtful whether the popular opinion of to-day has endorsed the verdict, more especially in America and England. The fact that despite the critical praise this serious opera received, only three performances have been given by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, is of some considerable significance. The question is whether the sacrifice of well-defined melodies, of the set aria and well-knit ensemble, the deposition of the orchestra from its position as an independent emotional factor of the score and occasionally as a supreme solo voice, will satisfy the public. Verdi has successfully aimed at a logical setting of the text of the play from a dramatic point of view. But the public do not trouble themselves about the logical appropriateness of an aria, a duet, a trio or a quartette, so long as they get beautiful or soul-stirring music—music that they can make their own by retaining it in their memory. And when one

judicially considers the score of *Othello* it is found that only two or three numbers have the adaptability of being taken into our home life. The pages of Verdi's score are a source of delight and admiration to the musician and perhaps to the professional critic, but these people constitute only a limited section of the community. With English-speaking nations who venerate their Shakespeare, the unavoidable mutilation of the text by the librettist Boito does not meet with conviction. Boito has confined himself to the setting out of the main episodes of Iago's venomous intrigue against Othello and Desdemona, and in consequence the plot and action are not always clear. The whole of the first act of the play is extinguished, and thus the significant introductory chord which Shakespeare supplied is wanting. The interpolation of *Credo* of Iago or his confession of villainy suggests very strongly the Mephistophelian soliloquy in *Faust*, not musically, but in dramatic idea.

The opera was given a really splendid performance. The three principals, Messrs. Sheehan (*Othello*), Goff (*Iago*), and Miss Gertrude Rennyson (*Desdemona*), sang and acted with a power and expression that came as a surprise to those who had heard them on Monday evening in the cooler, exalted, more rarefied environment of *Lohengrin*. The delicious rage of the Moor when agonized by jealousy, his moments of self-pity, of exhaustion, were vividly expressed through the medium of a fine tenor voice in its best form. The Iago of Mr. Goff was also both a dramatic and vocal achievement. An exacting part—in which the villainous subtlety of the man's mind is sought to be reflected musically, an intention and design to which the singer did justice. And one cannot too highly praise the singing of Miss Rennyson. The purity and intensity of the character were reflected in the purity of her style, in her avoidance of artifice or mannerism, in the clarity of her voice and its fidelity of intonation. No soprano opera singer, apart from the world-stars, has, I fancy, ever made here so complete, so legitimate a triumph. The same cast of principals appeared in *Lohengrin* on Monday, and the Wagner opera was also presented in a way that commended itself to the judgment of the audience, while affording them a large measure of enjoyment. Without detracting from the merits of the alternative cast, I should say that Mr. Savage depends upon this particular trio for his most serious efforts. The production of Puccini's *La Vie de Bohème* announced for Friday was too late for notice in this issue, but a favorable public verdict was almost assured. The *Carmen* night on Tuesday introduced Miss Marion Ivell, the leading contralto of the company, in the title role, as also Mr. Deane and Mr. Wegener, to whom I have already referred. Mr. Savage has this week been so liberal with his operas that a whole magazine article would be needed to do justice to all the special merits of his productions. The orchestra, I might note in conclusion, is a small but well balanced and effective organization. It has been most successful with the music of *Carmen*, which, as is well known, is rather tricky despite its bewitching charm.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth's new composition for piano, *By the Sea*, is criticized in very complimentary terms by the *Montreal Star*, which in part says: "Evidently the composer spent a very pleasant summer at the seaside. The piece has much merit in composition, as well as artistic beauty, and is, moreover, well fitted for the display of pianistic skill, as it presents considerable technical difficulties."

Dr. Cowen's new choral ballad, *John Gilpin*, is to be produced by the National Chorus at Massey Hall, February 28. It was one of the novelties at the Cardiff Music Festival recently, and the London *Morning Post* critic waxed enthusiastic over it. "In the present instance," he wrote, "Dr. Cowen has avoided the pessimistic tendency of the day and devoted himself to the illustration of a frankly humorous poem—the adventures of the immortal John Gilpin. The success of his new work was never for a moment in doubt. The attention was arrested from the opening, and the humorous suggestions, such as the allusion to the good old song, *The Roast Beef of Old England*, and the realistic imitation of the braying of the ass were readily seized and greatly relished. The work is wonderfully graphic; it abounds in amusing details and pursues its course brilliantly without flagging. It all goes with a snap."

No announcement affecting the musical and operatic world has in many years created so much interest as that just made by Henry W. Savage to the effect that next year he intends to produce in English Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* and *The Ring of the Nibelung* in the same fashion in which he has this year produced *Paraisal*. This intended production is an undertaking of even greater difficulty than *Paraisal*, for it means the staging of five operas, *The Ring*, comprising *Rhinegold*, *The Valkyrie*, *Siegfried* and *Dusk of the Gods*. All of these present peculiar problems to the producer. In *Rhinegold*, which is in four scenes, the curtain never descends, and, moreover, the first scene, representing the bed of the Rhine, demands much ingenuity if illusion is to be had. In *The Valkyrie* there is the "magic fire scene," in *Siegfried* the great transformation in the last act when Siegfried climbs the mountain of fire, and in *Dusk of the Gods* (*Gotterdammerung*) is the final catastrophe when Valhalla burns, the house of the Gibichings falls in ruins and the Rhine rises and swallows all. One of the first steps will be to place the work of transition into competent hands. It will be so divided that there will be no delay. The translations will be made with the object of having them not only musical but literary. The new translation of *Paraisal* will be used as a model. The *Paraisal* company will be used as a nucleus for the larger organization necessary for the new undertaking.

Vincent D'Indy, the well known composer, who is also at the head of a music school, known as the *Scola Cantorum*, announces his intention of producing the

last opera written by the "Italian Wagner" of the seventeenth century, Claudio Monteverdi. The name of the work is *L'incoronazione di Poppea*. Concerning it Mr. D'Indy writes: "This *Poppea* is truly a little marvel of expression, one might almost say of realism. There are even scenes for personages of the second rank (two soldiers, a page, a maid of honor), which are real *opéra comique*—a species which imperfect historians say was born in France, whereas it is actually Italian. I believe that this reconstruction of an opera 240 years old, but much younger in expressive charm than many modern works, will excite the interest of musicians."

In a recently exhumed letter of Mozart's, not contained in any printed volume, that great but unfortunate composer wrote to a friend: "Ach Gott! if I were a great noble I would speak thus: 'Mozart, write for me anything you like, and as good as you like, I will not get a copper from me till you have finished something. Afterwards I will buy all your manuscripts, and there shall be no need for you to hawk them about like a tradesman.'" Similar wishes were expressed by Schubert in his diary and by Wagner in his letters.

The senior pupils of Mrs. Mildred Walker will be heard in a vocal recital in St. Mary's Hall, Wednesday evening, the 7th of December. A number of Mrs. Walker's pupils are filling important church positions in the city, and the programme promises to be one of unusual interest.

Miss Bessie Hilborn of Berlin, who won high honors as a pianist at St. Margaret's College last June, has been playing with much success in recitals in various parts of the province. At a recent recital in Berlin she won high praise from the local press for the artistic character of her playing and the brilliancy of her technique. Miss Hilborn played before the Women's Musical Club of London on Saturday evening of last week, and her playing is spoken of by the *Free Press* as "giving evidence of much musical genius in her interpretation of Liszt's *Liebestod* and Liszt's *Concert Etude* in D flat. Her playing is full of life and color and possesses reserve power which is almost masculine." Miss Hilborn has been a pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt of this city for several years past and is still continuing her studies.

Miss Marjorie Ratcliffe has fully recovered from her recent illness and has resumed her teaching at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music has published this season a new *Piano Syllabus* and *Vocal Syllabus*. They are without doubt the most comprehensive and best classified works of this character which have reached us for some time, and reflect great credit upon the faculty of the Conservatory. These books should meet the requirements of teachers and students who are preparing for the examinations. Further particulars may be obtained by referring to our advertising column, as well as from the handsome calendar (mailed free) issued annually by this institution.

The Victoria College Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, have resumed rehearsals for the season. They are also planning for a short tour of Western Ontario similar to that of last year.

Mr. Arthur Ingham gave his second organ recital of the series last Saturday afternoon at the church of the Redeemer, before a large and delighted audience. Mr. Ingham's mastery of his instrument first impresses his hearers. Not only does he excel in technique and mechanical exactness, but there is a finish about his execution that ranks his work in the highest class. Mr. Ingham's numbers included Handel's famous concerto, *The Cuckoo* and *Nightingale*; S. Wesley's Concerto in G major; Gullman's *Nuptial March*, and excerpts from the composition of Lemare, Bossi, Ingham and Wagner. Mr. Ingham gave a brilliant rendering of the *Rienzi* overture, and in Wesley's *Fugue* and Handel's *Concerto* he treated his audience to a brilliant display of pedal technique. There is a positive daintiness in Mr. Ingham's rendering of such graceful compositions as Bossi's *Scherzo* in G minor (op. 49, No. 2), which he played with delicacy and charm of phrasing. The concluding number, *Festival March* in C major, of Mr. Ingham's own composition, is a work of much merit both in melodic contents and general treatment. Mr. Rechab Tandy, tenor, sang two numbers by Sullivan and De Koven with true intonation and his accustomed artistic finish. The third recital of the series will be given next Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The following is a list of successful candidates for the scholarships recently offered by the Toronto Conservatory of Music: Pianoforte—Dr. Edward Fisher's to Mr. G. W. Coppin; Mr. J. W. F. Harrison's to Miss Edith Hewson and Miss K. Hurley; Miss S. E. Dallas's to Misses Frances Gardiner and Vera Hamilton; Miss Maud Gordon's to Miss Evelyn O'Donoghue; Miss Mary J. Caldwell's to Miss Margaret Macdonnell; Mrs. J. Lister Nichols's to Miss Eanswythe Thompson (Voice)—Mrs. J. W. Bradley's to Miss Dora Benson and Mr. Allan M. Taylor; Miss Jennie E. Williams's to Misses Annie McLean and Margaret L. G. Wood; Miss Marie Wheeler's to Miss Florence DeFoa; Violin—Miss Lena M. Hayes's to Miss K. Hurley and Mr. Cecil C. Gray; Organ—Miss May Hamilton's to Mr. H. G. Ratcliffe. Also three free elementary pianoforte scholarships to Misses Marguerite Bullock, Alice Mac-Comquodale and Mary Ray.

On the one hand, said the teacher, pointing a long finger at the map on the blackboard, "is the present complication in Russia; on the other hand— Here he paused, and looked sternly at the shock-headed boy. "On the other hand— "Warts!" hazarded the shock-headed boy, helpless with terror.

"Does he know much about women?" "Well, he knows too much about them to care to marry, and not quite enough to be a theatrical manager."

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The Episcopal Church and Divorce.

BY far the warmest and most important discussion that took place during the recent convention of the Episcopal Church, held in Boston, was that which dealt with divorce and divorced persons. It was known long before the convention met that this would be one of the most important subjects discussed, and those who favored the remarriage of divorced persons and those who were unalterably opposed to it were well prepared for a titanic struggle. The canon at first introduced was of the most sweeping nature. It recommended that—

"No minister shall solemnize a marriage between any two persons unless by inquiry he shall have satisfied himself that neither person has been or is the husband or wife of any other person then living from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage."

Strange as it may seem, this radical measure was almost unanimously adopted by the House of Bishops. The fight against it was led by Rev. Dr. J. L. Parks and Rev. Dr. Huntington. The result of the whole discussion was that the House of Deputies rejected the recommendation by a small majority and adopted a compromise measure instead, which permits the remarriage of the innocent party to a divorce granted for adultery, but not within a year of the granting of such divorce.

A regulation of this, or any other, kind that the Episcopal Church may care to enact is, of course, the private affair of the church. It seems, however, that little good can come from the refusal of any religious body to marry any person who, in the eyes of the law, is eligible to marry. If a man and a woman make up their minds to live together, all the canons and laws on earth will not be sufficient to prevent their doing so. A church may refuse to make itself a party to anything to which it objects, but that is about as far as it can go. Common sense and human

nature must render the final decision in the regulating of human conduct. In the Roman Catholic Church people can be bluffed into crushing out their emotions, ambitions and personalities through fear of a priest who brandishes hell before their eyes, but in all churches into which reason is once permitted to enter, reason will play havoc with arbitrary canons.

The pride with which the Roman Catholic Church regards its own intolerance is well displayed by the *Freeman's Journal* of New York, which, in commenting on the discussion of divorce by the Episcopal convention, says:

"The problem the Episcopal convention is trying to solve is one for which it is to be hoped the Episcopal Church will find a solution. But it is a case of a house divided against itself. In marked contrast is the attitude of the Catholic Church on the divorce question. She teaches that marriage is a sacrament instituted for man's spiritual welfare, as was every other sacrament. Hence her refusal to recognize divorce. She is now, as she has ever been, inflexibly opposed to it. A discussion such as has been going on for several days in the Episcopal convention could never take place in a council of Catholic ecclesiastics."

In marked contrast to the above is the common-sense view taken by the *New York Independent*. It says:

"When a person finds that his or her wedlock is irrevocably broken, he or she ought to be allowed and encouraged to remarry, because marriage is the most honorable, most moral, and the safest condition for an adult human being. The time and labor spent in trying to prevent innocent people from living in an honorable estate, under pretence of honoring marriage, had better be spent in rebuking the actual social sins which break up homes. The men whose religion consists in making laws stricter than the laws of God or of nature are not only overdoing righteousness, but they make virtue odious."

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The Dean of Westminster on the Bible.

THE Dean of Westminster, in a recent address delivered before the Church of England Sunday School Institute held at Westminster, is reported by the *London Times* to have said:

"Questions arise now which an earlier generation was not called upon to face in the same way. A higher standard of knowledge and of thoughtfulness is required, and you do well, by these examinations, and by reading besides, to fit yourselves as fully as you can for your work. The Book which you hold in your hands as teachers has not changed. We have changed. Much new light has been given to us by God in regard to our own constitution and the constitution of the world in which we live; and in this new light, which is shining all around us and which comes to all of us in rays, at any rate here and there, I think we must be able to devote much time to its special study. Our whole conception of the method of its inspiration has been altered. A great deal which our forefathers took literally we cannot take literally to-day. The first chapter of Genesis no longer means to us that the world was made in six days. The second chapter of Genesis no longer means to us that God moulded clay into a human figure and breathed upon it, or that He took a rib from Adam and made Eve. These are allegories or parables to us. They still proclaim their original spiritual lessons. They teach that God is the source of all creation; that God works in patient, slow development; that the lower comes before the higher; that the highest and lowest is man; that man is akin to the beasts that perish, but also akin to God, and that he is God's image in the world. All this is taught by modern discovery. It is the underlying spiritual truth, taught in a form of what was at first literally believed, but which for us is a parable. And so again we believe that God made man out of dust, not by moulding clay, but through a long process of development which followed the course which He had marked out, and in every step of which He was working His will. So we believe that through holy matrimony man and woman become intimately one in a union which God has made and

which man must not break. This is the underlying truth of the old world story which makes Adam say 'Bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.' These and many other stories, like that of the talking serpent and the talking ass, we do not take, or at any rate most of us do not—now as literal statements of historical facts, but as imagery which clothes certain spiritual lessons. For ourselves this is not perhaps very difficult; but when we come to teach it is not easy. For quite young children there is very little difficulty, for stories are the natural vehicles to them of moral lessons, and they do not venture to ask if it is true, or did it really happen? But older children want to know, and we must be prepared to give them an honest answer. It is not merely at the time we must retain their confidence, their confidence in us as teachers and confidence in the spiritual truths we are teaching them, but we must so teach them that when they go away from us they will not be overthrown by the first question they hear, as, for instance, where Cain got his wife from. We must teach them in a way they will not at any time unlearn their lessons. These are the old-time stories which God allowed to be taught to teach certain great lessons which were easiest learned and easiest remembered. For us they are parables—earthly stories with a heavenly meaning. I give these as illustrations of difficulties that are to be met with. There are many more and many greater difficulties in connection with the Old Testament and the New Testament than these. I have spent most of my life in the study of these matters, and I feel that there is a mass of difficulty which has not yet been solved; but those other difficulties do not so directly concern the teaching of children, and even our learned theologians are not clear about a good many of them. I would say to you, do not expect that everything is going to be cleared up and made absolutely plain. The Bible is a much more wonderful book than we have sometimes thought. Much of it is plain and stands out, but much is difficult of interpretation. Welcome all the light from nature, from the study of science, and from criticism, and do not despair because the problems will not come out."

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Again the Roman Catholics are Injured.

THE educational policy of the United States in the Philippines provides for the educating of one hundred Philippine youths in the States each year. The first batch of students upon their arrival on this continent were distributed among twenty schools and colleges—but only two were sent to Roman Catholic schools. Now the priests and Catholic press are chafing with indignation at the "injustice," and loudly accusing the authorities "violation of principle, unjust discrimination and betrayal of trust." "A burning wrong," one paper calls it, and *The Catholic Standard and Times*, of Philadelphia, thus comments:

"The Treaty of Paris stipulated for the integrity of the Filipino religious rights; this particular transaction does not look very like good faith. It is not the intention to proselytize, no doubt; but the effect can hardly be anything else, unless the Catholic body keep a sharp eye upon the society into which these young strangers are thrown. Indifference as to their religious fate, or unconcern about it, is almost the same as proselytism—perhaps worse, since it may lead to total agnosticism."

How little faith in the durability of their religion the editor of the *Standard* must have, when he fears that the faith will evaporate from the Filipinos if they be permitted to walk in the open air. Of course, there is nothing in the charge that unfair discrimination was employed in the selecting of schools. The United States Government at no doubt desired to give the boys a good education, not to make Roman Catholic theologians of them. This, at least, is the claim made by Professor Sutherland, who had charge of the youngsters. In an open letter, addressed to a prominent Roman Catholic of Philadelphia, he says:

"Several hundred institutions have been considered and investigated more or less in selecting those for the Filipino students to attend, and I will say that for selecting every school that is now attended by them, there have been definite, tangible reasons. No choice has been haphazard. There has been no more intention (nor any less) to disregard the Catholic schools than there has been to favor the Protestant schools."

"Not a single one of the Filipino students during all the innumerable consultations that we have had on the subject of the schools that they were to attend, has ever asked me to be placed in a school because it was Catholic. We have never in a single case discussed the religion or denomination of a school that they were to attend, for its selection or rejection."

"In conclusion, despite the harsh and unjust comments made in certain periodicals, I can not but feel that some gratified if it should result in placing at our disposal data that will enable us to select for future consignments of Filipino students to America still better schools and still more adequate and appropriate boarding-places for these wards of ours."

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The Chicago & North-Western Ry. has issued a new publication entitled *California*. It contains a beautiful colored map of the State, a list of hotels at California tourist resorts with their capacity and rates; and a most interesting series of pictures showing California's resources and attractions. The prospective visitor and settler should be in possession of a copy of this profusely illustrated folder. Sent to any address on receipt of two cents in stamps. Low rates from all points. B. H. Bennett, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

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By Order,
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A. E. HARNETT, Manager

ART EXHIBIT OF
Paintings in Oil and Water-color
By F. M. BELL-SMITH, R.C.A.
ON VIEW AT
Mackenzie & Co.,
(Mathews Bros. Art Gallery)
5 Yonge Street. Nov. 5th to 19th.

SOCIETY

Mr. Nordheimer of Glendyeth went to Ottawa for the State ball. Colonel Lessard and Colonel Stimson were also Toronto guests, as were Senator and Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock and Mr. and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann.

Mrs. Dugald MacMurchy and her sister, Miss Violet Lee, have taken apartments at the Alexandra.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crowther have sailed from Liverpool on the *Majestic*, and are expected home next week.

A beautiful wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, when Miss Nellie Broughton Housser, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Housser, was married to Mr. W. R. Wellington Parsons, son of Major and Mrs. William Parsons, and grandson of the late Major John Lindsey of the Militia of Canada, a veteran of '37. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Solomon Cleaver D.D., the church being charmingly decorated with pyramids of palms and white chrysanthemums. The groomsmen were Mr. J. L. Rowlett Parsons, B.A., brother of the groom. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very beautiful in a Paris gown en train made entirely of folds of duchess satin caught together with heavy silk stitches and trimmed with exquisite lace over white tulle and chiffon with ruchings of chiffon; her veil was of Brussels net with pearl embroidered hem, and she carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. The bride was preceded by her pretty bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Chown and Miss Alma Parsons, daintily gowned in green *crepe de Paris* and white tulle hats and ties, and carrying huge sheaves of white mums. The ushers were Mr. Harry Housser, brother of the bride, Mr. Frank Morrison, B.A., Mr. C. Leslie Wilson, B.A., and Mr. René Barber, B.Sc., of Georgetown. While the party were in the vestry Mrs. Tilley and Mr. Bemrose sang *Promise of Life*. Mr. Blakeley played softly during the ceremony, and as the happy couple left the church pealed forth the stirring strains of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*. A reception was held immediately afterward at Irisdene, the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Housser in Jarvis street, which was elaborately decorated with chrysanthemums, the color scheme being green and white. The bride couple received a host of friends in front of a bank of palms in the drawing-room. The bride's mother wore a handsome black gown of silk embroidered net over white silk and chiffon trimmed with jet and black India lace, and a hat of black and white panne velvet and white aigrette. Mrs. Parsons, the groom's mother, wore a beautiful gown of black embroidered chiffon and net and a rich lace scarf, and black chenille and white lace hat with plume. Mrs. Burton Harris of Montreal, sister of the groom, looked charming in a bisque colored silk frock with lace trimmings and a jaunty tulle hat. Miss Edith Phippen of Belleville wore pale blue *crepe de Paris* trimmed with real Chantilly lace and velvet applique, and a large white beaver hat with white plumes. Miss Anna Clark of Orangeville looked well in champagne *crepe de Paris* and pretty green hat. The groom's gift to the bride was a magnificent mink muff made in the shape of a heart and trimmed with mink hangings. His gifts to the bridesmaids were brooch pins with "H & P" entwined and studded with pearls. The bride's gifts to the ushers were scarf-pins, dragons in rose gold and pearls. The presents were numerous and handsome, chief among them being a magnificent Gerhardt Heintzman piano from the groom's family, and the entire house furnishings from Mr. and Mrs. Housser. The bride's going away gown was of blue cloth with green trimmings and hat to match, and elegant mink fur. The happy pair left on the 5.20 train for New York, Washington, Boston and Montreal, and on their return will reside at 92 Winchester street. The bridesmaids and ushers were entertained at supper at Irisdene, and afterwards at a theater party.

Grand Concert Given by I.O.F.
Second Annual Concert of Foresters in Aid of Orphans' Home at Massey Hall.

Splendid Audience Turns Out to Hear Popular Programme—support for Dr. Oronhyatekha's Work.

The second annual grand concert in aid of the Independent Order of Foresters' Orphans' Home was given in Massey Hall last Tuesday night, and was a marked success in every particular. The audience was a splendid one in point of numbers, the programme rendered by some of the best known and most popular musicians of Toronto and Detroit, was of the very best, and the proceeds will net a substantial surplus for the Orphanage Fund of the Order. It was expected that the Supreme Chief Ranger, Dr. Oronhyatekha, the originator and chief executive of the munificent and large-hearted Orphanage scheme in connection with the Order at Foresters' Island Park. The evening, but he was obliged to proceed to Foresters' Island Park some days ago to superintend the work of completing the splendid new Orphanage there. The Hon. Dr. Montague, who was introduced to the audience by Mr. F. S. Mearns, High Chief Ranger for Central Ontario, took Dr. Oronhyatekha's place for the evening. In a brief and aptly worded address Dr. Montague outlined the new and magnificent work being undertaken by the Order of Foresters' Island Park. The Orphanage, which will be finally completed and opened next spring for the reception of the children of deceased members of the Order, marks a new epoch in the history of fraternal organizations. As the chairman explained, it is designed to give the hundreds of children gathered there a liberal education in all the useful arts, and to fit them for being good citizens. Dr. Montague expressed his gratitude and pleasure at the generous way in which Foresters and the public generally had contributed to the Orphanage Fund, and had upheld the hands of the father of the splendid scheme, Dr. Oronhyatekha.

The programme consisted of some 16 numbers, and the audience enthusiastically demanded encores to nearly every number.

Among the latest and most artistic things in photographic portraiture is a flashlight portrait by Mr. W. Bogart. Made in the home, the surroundings and effect are most pleasing, as may be seen by the half-tone specimen in this issue. The new smokeless system which is used by Mr. Bogart has completely eliminated all the disagreeable features and danger connected with the flashlights in the past, and perfect expression is ensured. Wedding groups, brides and ladies in evening costume are most effective, the flashlight giving more perfect detail in the gowns than has ever been obtained by daylight, while children are perfectly natural, in fact just as we admire them every day. Samples of this work may be seen at Mr. Bogart's studio, 748 Yonge street, where he will be pleased to make an appointment with you. Phone North 75.

Mr. Bell-Smith's exhibition at Mackenzie's gallery is attracting large numbers of admirers of this clever painter's works. The great variety of subjects and the various methods employed suggest the work of several artists rather than that of one. It is a far cry from Ludgate Hill, London, to the glaciers of the Rocky Mountains of Canada, and the warm glow of the declining sun lighting up the dome of St. Paul's contrasts vividly with the cold, wet mists clinging to the rugged steps of Mount McDonald. No. 16, *Approaching Storm*, is a picture that would do no discredit to any painter; it is simple in composition, rich in color and true to nature. The pictures are well worth seeing.

Mr. Alfred Mason (*née* Hargrave) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Monday and Tuesday afternoons and Monday evening, November 14 and 15, at 100 Park road, Rosedale.

The Alumnae Association of the Toronto General Hospital Training School for Nurses will give an At Home on Friday, November 18, from 4 to 7 o'clock, at the Toronto General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ryan, 10 Elm avenue, Rosedale, left Wednesday to spend a few weeks at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Gibbons of Nova Scotia is staying with Mrs. DuVernet in Indian road. Miss Marling has returned home, after a visit in England.

Miss Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Watson, has arrived in Edmonton, Alberta.

A jolly Halloween party was given by Miss B. Edwards and Miss E. Parke at their home, 28 Brunswick avenue, Monday evening. Chrysanthemums were prettily scattered through the house, and the time-honored jack-lanterns in the shape of huge pumpkins lighted the hall. The evening was devoted to progressive euchre, followed by a merry dance in which all joined in honor of the season. Miss Campbell carried off the lady's prize, and Mr. Meredith was equally successful in obtaining the gentleman's prize.

Mrs. James Murray will receive in her new home, 92 Madison avenue, on the second and third Fridays of the month.

This has been termed an "age of luxury," when people of all classes have spent much more time and care in improving their homes than was formerly the case. Nothing has contributed so much to the satisfaction of improving the home surroundings as the electric light. It brightens the home, and by its many advantages from a standpoint of healthfulness and cleanliness, adds very largely to the luxury of city life.

The local electric light company has done much to aid Toronto people in getting dainty and artistic lighting effects from their electric lighting by the establishment of its art show-rooms in Adelaide street east.

It is well worth a visit to these rooms to see the art fixtures recently imported from England.

Query.
"Doctor, what is the matter with me?"
The man who had called together all the experts that he could collect to pass on his condition, raised himself up anxiously as the spokesman came in. That able practitioner smiled sadly and shook his head.

"It is too soon yet to determine," he replied.

"Too soon!" exclaimed the patient. "Too soon! Why, my dear sir, you doctors have been examining me with instruments and pounding me now for the last forty-eight hours. Aren't you in a position to name my trouble?"

"Well, when can I know?"

"Not quite yet, sir," was the reply. The able doctor rested his glasses reflectively upon the bedpost.

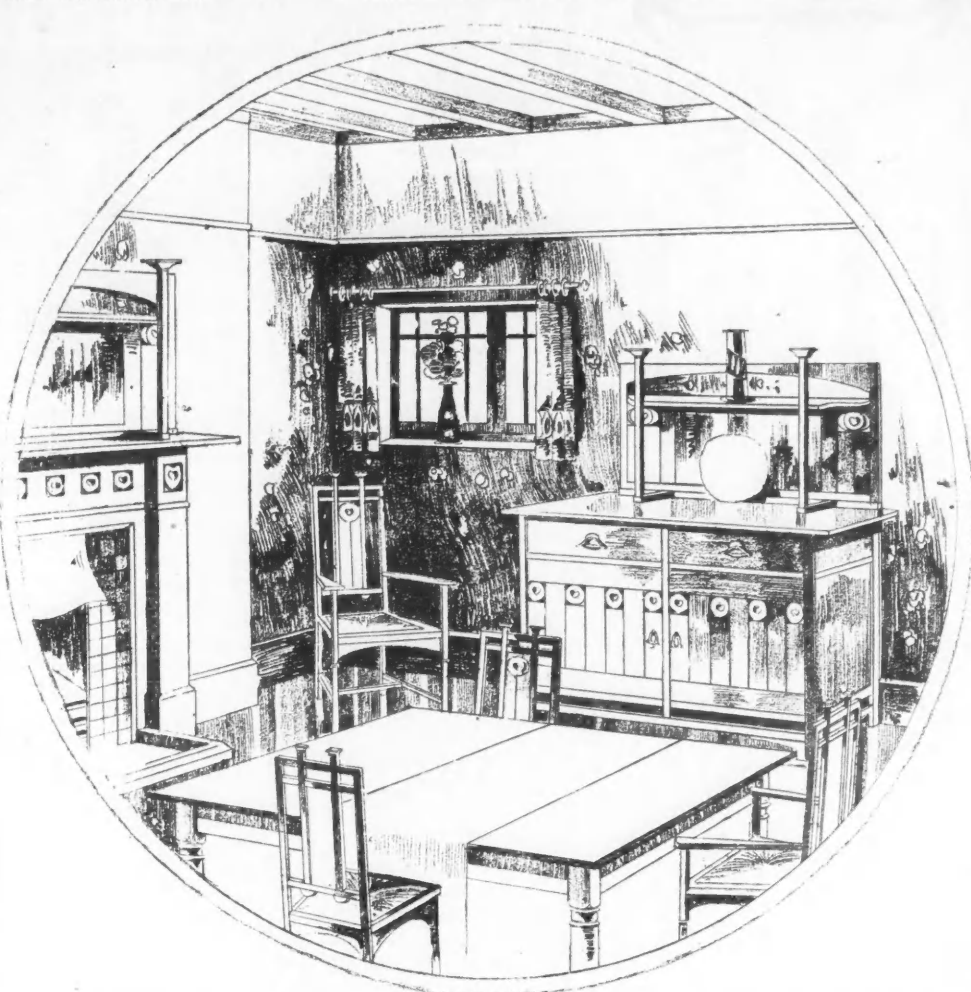
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It is told of the witty old French *abbé*, Père Monsabré, that on one occasion a lady sent a message to him, just as he was entering the pulpit, that she must see him. After much beating about the bush, she came to the point. Vanity was her besetting sin, and only that morning she had yielded to the temptation of gazing at herself in the mirror and thinking she was very pretty. Père Monsabré looked at her steadily for a

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The annual At Home of the University of Toronto Athletic Association will be held in the Gymnasium on Wednesday, December 7.

Mrs. Wilbert H. Adams (*née* Simons) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 49 Melbourne avenue, Parkdale, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, November 15, and also every first Tuesday of the month thereafter.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark has kindly consented to be chief patroness at Victoria College annual conversation, December 2, 1904.

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minute, and then, in his soft, musical voice, he inquired kindly: "Is that all, my daughter?"
"Yes, father, that is all."
"Then my daughter, go in peace. For to make a mistake is no sin."

Snake River Valley.

The largest irrigation enterprise in America is located in the rich Snake River valley of Idaho which has been reclaimed through man's handiwork alone. In this valley, which is now comfortably settled, there remains 270,000 acres of land belonging to the State of Idaho which is under the Twin Falls irrigation canals and open to settlement. This land is among the richest in America, as experiments have proved. Potatoes here yield 200 to 400 bushels to the acre of large size and fine variety. Wheat yields from 40 to 70 bushels to the acre with an average weight of 63 pounds per bushel. Three crops of alfalfa are raised each season in the Snake River valley. The climate is superb and of great value as a tonic for mind and body. Home-seekers' low rates to the Snake River valley are in effect via Union Pacific, the only direct route. Why not visit this district in person and fully realize its great possibilities? For full information address J. O. Goodsell, T. P. A., 14 James Building, Toronto Canada, or F. B. Choate, G. A., 126 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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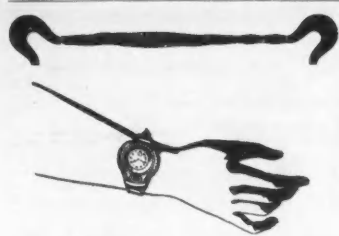
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Correspondence Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Clippings, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Winifred—You are under Cancer, a water sign, and your character suggests a fine development of its benevolent traits. There is a great deal of show and spread in your method, and while you are shrewd, sensible, logical and very confident, you may easily make serious mistakes for the want of fine tact and intuition. You have turns of pessimism and may easily be a bit selfish, not mean, but just fond of yourself. You have some imagination and a good firm purpose, details don't press upon you, and you are sometimes careless to your great disadvantage in certain ways. It is the hand of an easy, broad and showy sort of person. The scrap of writing, without signature, and scarcely any capitals, is, as the rules inform you, distinctly unfit.

Lizzie—A little hard on him? Well, not when you know the history of his career. The culmination is only what many have foreseen from the first. You should hear the other side, my dear lady. Personally, socially I have never been quite charming. Did you require a delineation of your writing? You omitted to ask for it. It is so long since I have written "Guy Manning" or any of Scott's novels that I'd as soon pronounce an opinion on it as on my "Pleasant McGuffin's". I think it was. Suppose you write me your opinion instead and tell me at the same time if I am to study your writing. By the way, I was years ago familiar with your township.

Girwal—Yes, I don't always about with "them that" shout. My enthusiasm may be deep—it is seldom vocal. Even the heroes, it is good for a city to cut loose and be foolish over them sometimes, but I find your point of view. I fear to my own. "Shake" your writing suggests a well-trained and controlled mentality, probably cultured in book lore, and sure to be interested in human nature. Your reasoning is sometimes faulty, and your ideas come at times incoherently, though you know exactly what you mean, others may not. This sounds contradictory, but you will know it is not. You have a strong character, and have learned to rely on and judge for yourself. You may receive advice graciously, but it won't much influence you. You like to have all your attachments and surroundings in good style, and are careful of details in your own work and conduct. Sometimes you are impatient and prone to be brusque. Your excellent heart and good ability are evident.

Day—This writing is not very suitable for an artist. The writer is a young youth, inexperienced or ill-health, makes every line more or less uncertain. There are gentleness, thought, good temper, speculation, and a careful, practical and somewhat submissive nature shown.

Bourgeois—You need have few fears with such a specimen. It is Business College—pure and simple. But such a hand betrays its writer occasionally. To delight in beautiful, expensive work of art is effective, but the writer is afraid of large enterprises, to have the will to rise no college teaches that upward cross of the 'S', the 'L', the 'W', for your own personal exploiting, but for a perfect result, to be quietly enthusiastic and firm in your purpose, are some of the traits I think you possess. August 22 brings you between Virgo, the practical, and Leo, the commanding. The whole Leo matter is a great deal of creature comforts and usually known where the best markets are to be found, and have a real genius in catered to the faults of the Leo child are as marked as the virtues: they are hot-headed, fiery, impetuous, susceptible, and often inconstant. Leo is governed by his heart, only one of the twelve which has such an excuse for passion. When young, Leo people need care and attention, and are sensitive, quick-minded, and impulsive, they should be kept busy with simple, wholesome and amusing work. When Leo is well developed, law and order is his rule.

Glory—I incline to a domestic career for you. There isn't much snap or enterprise, such as successful business men or women require, but the foundation is good for any development. You are very cautious in giving your opinion, generally cheerful, and always amenable. Your reasoning power isn't bright, but sure and consistent. You have learned to work carefully, and what you lack in dash and style you make up in conscientiousness. You are not at all a bad sort.

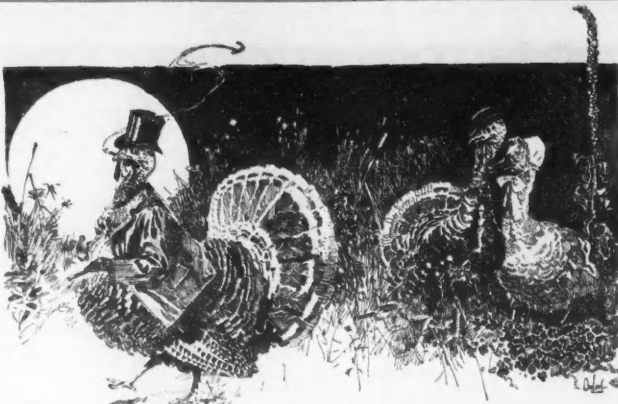
X.Y.Z.—Mrs. B's tea invitation may in her esteem take the place of a return call, in which case she will expect Mrs. A. to continue hostilities by leaving a card upon her. It is quite outside the conventionalities not to return a first call, and send an invitation instead, if instead of relations exist, hang the conventions! A wager on such a question is absurd, as the free time of the invitation is practically conceded the lacking return visit, and having condoned the breach of strict convention, Mrs. A. can't exist an adherence to it later on. If Mrs. A. would just give a tea also, eh?

Sleepy—Both your letters, with and without coupon, are to hand. The writing is generous, sentimental, very warm in important matters, honest and frank in method, practical, generally logical and far-thinking, but showing great lack of inspiration and enthusiasm. Writer is tenacious of her opinions and not easily moved from convictions. It is a good but not very uncommon type of person, with fair endowment and sense of the fitness of things.

Muldoon—Your ambition quite over shadows the rest of your character. That's the meaning of all those soaring flights and crosses. In view of this I'd advise you to go calmly, my man. It's not much of an ambition to make a success on the vaudeville stage. But I dare say you'll have your fling at it. I can see the sort of thing you'll do. Life is too good for it, believe me. Your birthday, May 30th, brings you under Gemini, the twins. The world is full of Gemini people, and are doing one thing and wanting to do another instead. They rarely know just what they do want, the double mind of the twins being in them. However, Muldoon, if both Custer and Pollex yearn for vaudeville, you may as well give in and make it your work. You are very young. If I were you I'd wait until I was twenty-one to make the plunge. By that time you may want quite another calling.

Plebeian—The sentiment is not new. Is it a quotation or an original arrangement? And do you want it delineated, my dear? Don't—Quite impossible. It is like the serial of a 10-year-old kiddie. And you're a nice sort of a Don J. to send your study to the Correspondence Column. "Pie on you!" This isn't a divorce agency, my sweet boy!

Jean B.—I do hope you've had some holidays before now. People may talk about remaining in Toronto all summer as quite delightful, but one essay would finish my case. All the year long I look forward for some rest at some dear home. Just now I am so infatuated with lonesome places that I don't think even Toronto in summer would fill the bill. Your writing is honest, feminine and ingratiating. You are discreet, observant, orderly, systematic, but not cranky, and very practical. With your philosophy is the natural science. You are adaptable, not anxious to rule, and as logical and sensible a person as can be.



Mr. Gobbler's tough young son—"P'chee! that's a peach coat the gov'nor's got himself; I see meself in it about Thanksgiving week."

Society at the Capital.

ANY and varied have been the entertainments of the past week, although nothing on an elaborate or extensive scale has come off.

Among the first of the many pleasant teas in the early part of the week was Mrs. Montizambert's on Monday, when Mrs. Reginald Becket shared the duties of hostess with her mother, Mrs. Montizambert being handsomely gowned in black, while Mrs. Becket wore a pretty black and white froufrou costume. Miss Tudor Montizambert was in blue muslin, and was assisted in attending to the wants of the numerous guests who came and went, by Miss Palmer, Miss Ethel Hendry, and Miss Helen Scarth. The table in the dining-room was exquisitely decorated with pale pink "mums," a huge bunch of them being in a silver bowl in the center of the table. Several visitors from other cities were noticed at this tea, among them being Mrs. Hodgins of Toronto, Mrs. George Thomson, of Quebec, Mrs. Dewar, of Hamilton, and Miss Ponsbury, the last named being an English guest of Mrs. H. K. Egan's.

Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon's tea on Tuesday was given as a farewell for her guest, Miss Lily Miall, who sailed on Thursday for England, where she will remain for the winter with her sister, Mrs. Rennie, returning to Ottawa next May. Mrs. MacMahon, who is one of the most graceful hostesses in the Capital, was stylishly gowned in white silk with touches of black and Miss Miall wore an exceedingly pretty accordion-pleated black silk. Reversing the ancient order of things, two of the many pretty debutantes of the season, Miss Marjorie Powell and Miss Edith Fielding poured tea and coffee at the prettily be-fowered table, and among the guests were noticed: Mrs. Fitzhugh and Miss Dainty of Cobourg, Mrs. Sladen, Miss Toller, the Misses Sparks, Mrs. Plunkett Taylor, Miss Thistle, Miss Ethel White, Miss Monica Lyon, Miss Helen Pope, of New York, Miss Lola Powell, Miss Ritchie, Miss Burrows and Mrs. F. W. Carling. On the same afternoon, Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber also entertained at the tea-hour, when Miss Howells, of Winnipeg, was the guest of the occasion, the invitations in this case being with one or two exceptions restricted to young girls, and a prettier group than gathered at Mrs. Schreiber's could not well be found in any other Canadian city. Mrs. Crombie poured tea, which was dispensed in the drawing-room. Miss Howells was also the *raison d'être* of a luncheon

given by Mrs. Crombie one day recently, the guests including Miss Hazel McIntosh, Miss Robertson, of St. John, N.B., Miss Gilmour, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Roma King, Miss Elsie Ritchie and Miss Ethel Palmer.

Two dinners at Government House contributed largely to the week's enjoyment, and at the first, on Tuesday, those who had the honor of partaking of the hospitality of His Excellency and Lady Minto were: Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Vidal, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Becket, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sladen, Miss Powell, Miss Ritchie, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Clarke, Mr. Sam McDougall, Mr. Walker, Mr. D. C. Campbell, Mr. Gladwyn McDougall, Captain and Mrs. Bell, and the house party. On Wednesday evening the invitations were limited to the sterner sex only.

The President, the May-Queen and members of the May Court Club, which it will be remembered was inaugurated by Lady Aberdeen during Lord Aberdeen's administration in Canada, entertained at an At Home on Friday afternoon in their hall in Bank street, when His Excellency and the Countess of Minto, the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot, accompanied by Major and Mrs. Maude and Captain Bell, A.D.C., honored the occasion with their presence. The viceregal party were met at the door and escorted to their seats by the May Queen, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, and the ex-May Queen, Miss Ethel White. Several amateur musicians, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Miss Honor Clayton, Mr. Cecil Bethune, and Mrs. C. A. Elliot, contributed largely to the entertainment of the throngs of guests during the afternoon, and Master Desrosiers, a darling little chap of about ten years of age, sang most sweetly the *Message of the Violets*. Dainty refreshments and ices were handed to the guests by the members of the junior branch of the Club, Miss Ethel Bates, and Miss Gladys Irwin, with several assistants, doing duty as senior officers at the pretty rose-bedecked tea-table, which was a perfect picture of loveliness. Lady Minto wore a simple afternoon toilet of dark blue velvet with handsome lace collar and a fawn beaver hat and feathers, and Lady Eileen was gowned in biscuit colored voile trimmed with heavy insertion and lace, with which she wore a black picture hat with touches of pink. Partly owing to the popularity of the May Court members and partly for the reason that the time is now so short ere we must bid farewell to the "first lady of the land" that every one is eager to avail oneself of the few remaining opportunities of meeting her, the hall on Friday was crowded to its utmost capacity with Ottawa's leading society people.

A most enjoyable little party was given on Thursday evening by Mr. C. Macaulay Pope in his pretty and cozy rooms over the Bank of British North America, which was chaperoned by the host's mother, who, with Miss Helen Pope, has come to spend a short time in Ottawa to visit her son. It being the night of election day excitement was provided during the evening by the continual receipt of the returns. Dainty refreshments were served and an exceedingly jolly hour or two were spent.

General and Mrs. Lake have taken the handsome new residence of Bishop Hamilton at the corner of Wilbrod and Charlotte Streets for the winter, the Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton having decided to spend the cold months in Colorado with their daughter, Miss Ethel Hamilton, whose health, although somewhat improved, still necessitates her remaining in a more equable climate than this "Canada of Ours."

The engagement is announced of Miss Dudley Kingsmill, only daughter of Mrs. G. W. Kingsmill, to Mr. Guy Fitzssette of Toronto, son of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Poussette of Sarnia.

The present week will be one round of gay functions beginning with the State hall at Rideau Hall, for which numerous visitors have already arrived, with more to follow.

Sir Montagu and Lady Allan and Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell have come up from Montreal to be for a few days the guests of His Excellency and Lady Minto; Colonel and Mrs. H. K. Egan, while Miss Jeanne Taschereau and Madame Lavergne have arrived from Montreal to stay with Mrs. Joseph Pope and to be present at the event of the season; Miss Gabrielle Girouard.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, November 7th, 1904.

The Pickle Fork—Why did the salt shaker?

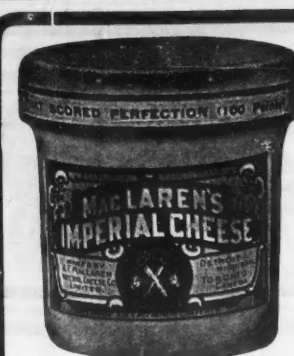
The Butter Knife—Because she let the spoon holder.

First Mormon—Where's Brother Jones?

Second Mormon—Gone east to replenish his fall stock.

"Did Marjorie marry for love?"

"Oh, no. She is too well-bred for that."



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Births

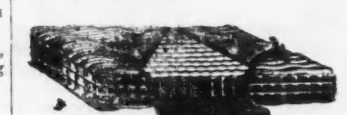
Clarry—Nov. 5, Toronto, Mrs. E. R. Clarry, a son.
Creighton—Nov. 7, Toronto, Mrs. W. B. Creighton, a daughter.
Fitzgerald—Nov. 8, Toronto, Mrs. J. P. Fitzgerald, a daughter.
Jones—Nov. 8, Peterboro, Mrs. Griffin Jones, a daughter.
MacGillivray—Nov. 8, Windsor, Mrs. D.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Services at eleven o'clock. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A. Subject: "A Great Church Statement." A cordial invitation extended to all—seats free. No Evening Services. Sunday School at 10 a.m. Unitarian literature may be had free on application to Mrs. Thompson, 308 Jarvis street, Toronto.

SPECIAL NOTICE—A Mortgage Burning Celebration will be held on Sunday evening, November 20th, with addresses by Adelbert Moot, Esq., Buffalo, President of the Middle States and Canadian Unitarian Conference, Rev. Victor I. Gilpin, London, Ont., Rev. Frederick C. Brown, Buffalo, and Professor F. C. Doan, Meadville, Pa.

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MacGillivray, a son.
Murphy—Oct. 27, Ottawa, Mrs. W. H. Murphy, a son.

Marriages

Parsons—House—At Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, on Nov. 9th, W. R. Wellington Parsons to Nellie Broughton, only daughter of Mr. John H. Broughton, of Toronto.
Bell—Goodell—Nov. 7, Toronto, Lizzie Goodell to John Bell.
Hishop—Thompson—Nov. 8, Toronto, Flo M. Thompson to Robert W. Hishop.
Ingills—McCulloch—Nov. 2, Bollesville, Man., Barbara McCulloch to William C. Ingills.
Mason—Martin—Nov. 5, Toronto, Catherine Martin to Harry G. Mason.
Tennant—Carlyle—Nov. 3, Melbourne, Que., Annie Carlyle to David Cowan Tennant.
Turnbull—Michell—Nov. 5, Cleveland, Kate Michell to Thomas Moore Turnbull.

Deaths

Burns—Nov. 6, Toronto, Maggie Burns, aged 21 years.
Dewdney—Nov. 8, Eglinton, Olive Louise Dewdney, aged 13 years.
Dickson—Nov. 6, Toronto, Isabella Thompson Dickson, aged 29 years.
Flood—Nov. 4, Toronto, Esther Mary Flood.
Garton—Nov. 7, Toronto, David B. Garton, aged 74 years.
Gordon—Nov. 6, Toronto, Janet Sutherland Matheson Gordon, aged 77 years.
Hatch—Nov. 8, Whitby, Jane Mowbray Hatch, aged 40 years.
Sparks—Nov. 7, Toronto, William F. Sparks, aged 29 years.
Squire—Nov. 3, Hollywood, California, William W. Squire.
Tyrrell—Nov. 8, Weston, William Tyrrell, aged 88 years.
Van Nostrand—Nov. 8, Aurora, Fanny T. Van Nostrand.
Walsh—Nov. 7, Edward Walsh, aged 36 years.

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